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CAMPAIGN '76— CRISIS AHEAD
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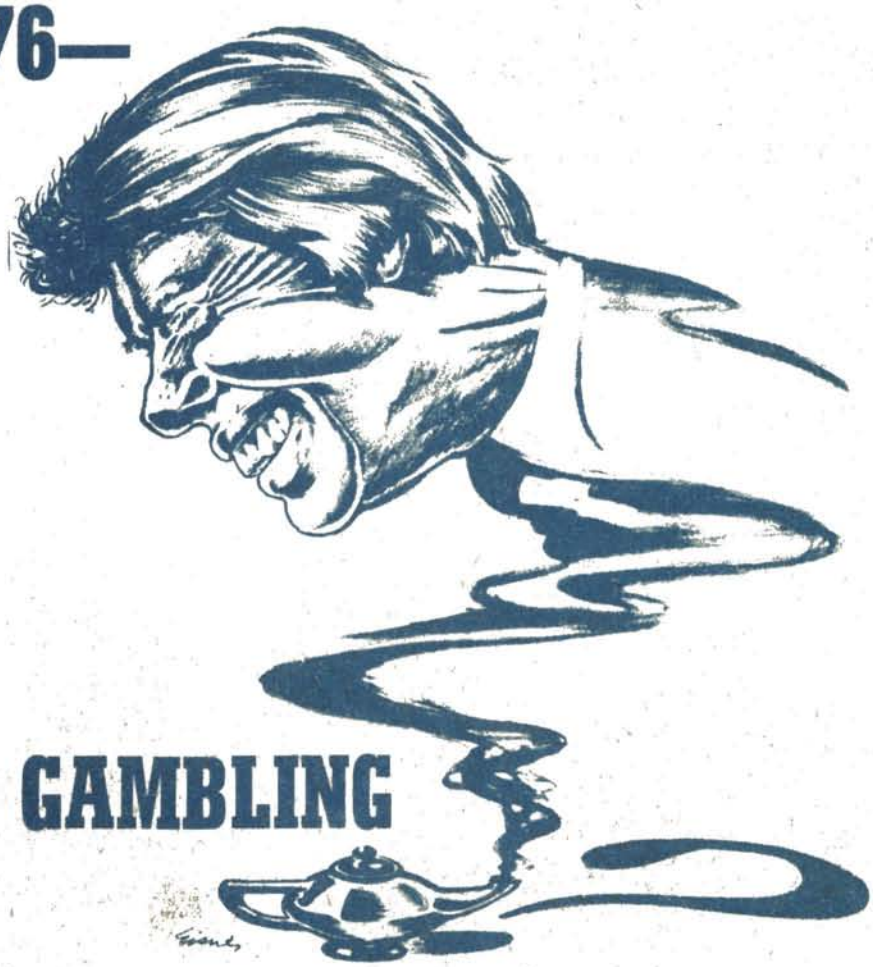

HOW CATHOLICS VOTED
JIM CASTELLI

A 'YES' FOR GAMBLING
THOMAS B. MECHLING

FRANK GETLEIN POLICING THE POLICEMEN
PETER STEINFELS PHILLIPS CURVE—OR SPITBALL?
COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR. NIT WORK

CRITICS' CHOICES FOR CHRISTI
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REVIEWS: JOHN A. MILES, JR., RICHARD P. McBRIEN

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NEWS & VIEWS

Holding the Line

The advisability of continuing the traditional method for receiving holy communion (host placed on tongue by ministering person) at last came before the American bishops in a health context.

At their recent meeting in Washington, the 48-member administrative board of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops agreed to consider a warning by a health specialist that the traditional method was a health hazard to recipients.

John Brennan, a Boston man associated with a research institute specializing in oral hygiene, contended that the priest's or eucharistic minister's fingers may come in contact with saliva-carrying germs or viruses and transfer these from one communicant to another.

He suggested the bishops consider the more sanitary communion-in-the-hand method, propping the request with a statement from Dr. Louis Weinstein, professor of medicine at Harvard Medical School and an expert on infectious diseases.

Dr. Weinstein pointed out that since the flu virus "is present in the upper respiratory tract" the traditional method of distributing communion "is fraught with the danger of passing the virus from a person who has the disease to a number of persons who do not. . ."

What did the bishops' administrative board do?

They turned the matter down as an agenda item for all the bishops. (During discussion it was noted that if there is a swine flu or other epidemic, each bishop is already empowered, under general principles of church law, to take whatever action might be necessary in the diocese. Which, of course, translates to no action.)

The U.S. bishops as a body twice earlier rejected attempts to initiate communion-in-the-hand, a practice common in Europe and Canada. This was the first time they had given specific attention to possible health problems. They didn't spend long with the matter.

Brennan, joined by his wife, fired off a telegram protesting the pigeon-holing of the warning. "Fundamental preventative health procedures are taken prior to the coming of an epidemic rather than trying to stop it once it has arrived," said the telegram.

Lithuania

The "moderate/liberal" division in the Lithuanian Catholic community [Commonweal, 7/16/76] has taken another tense turn in that land which is now part of the Soviet Union, with a controversy over who is to become Archbishop of Vilnius, the Lithuanian capital.

Many, presumably moderates, fear a "compromise" between the Vatican and the Communist regime in Lithuania that would allow a pro-Communist priest to become the Archbishop. Under the arrangement, Bishop Vincentas Sladkevicius, the impeded Bishop of Kaisiadorys, would be allowed to resume his post, while the rector of a Lithuanian seminary, Father V. Butkus, would be named to the Vilnius post.

Peg Averill/Liberation News Service

"If this plan were to materialize," the editors of an underground paper claimed, "it would be the worst tragedy in our religious life. The rector of the seminary, the Rev. Dr. V. Butkus, is an active participant in the Communist peace movement." The phrase translates to a charge of collusion with the regime.

According to the clandestine *Chronicle of the Catholic Church in Lithuania*, opposition to Butkus has been directed to Cardinal Antonio Samore of the Vatican's Council for the Public Affairs of the Church and a former Pro-Nuncio to Lithuania, and to Cardinal Joseph Slipyi, primate of the Ukrainian Catholic Church, now living in exile in Rome.

The same issue of the *Chronicle* (#23) reported the refusal of the impeded Apostolic Administrator of Vilnius, Bishop Julius Steponavicius, to join the "government-picked Lithuanian delegation" to last August's Eucharistic Congress in Philadelphia.

The *Chronicle* said that Catholics in Lithuania were "particularly disturbed by the Communist attempt to compromise the bishop and two other beloved priests, Father Pranas Raciunas and Father Jonas Juodelis, both veterans of labor camps, by including them in the delegation."

Cheers for Drinan

Robert F. Drinan, the Jesuit in Congress, won his race for a fourth House term on Nov. 2, achieving a plurality of 8,717 in a contest that had 206,689 votes being cast. It was perhaps his most significant election victory, as it was the first time that he was required to run "head-on" without a third-party candidate to split opposition votes.

Three days after the election, when other victorious candidates were heading for vacation retreats, Drinan left on a 10-day fact-finding mission to Argentina on behalf of Amnesty International to study the "terrible repressions of Jews and Catholics there."

The trip was anything but a junket. Amnesty International, a London-based human rights organization, estimates that 20,000 persons have been arrested and jailed without charges by the new military government there. Since the beginning of the year, politically-inspired violence has claimed some 1,000 lives in Argentina, including the murder of nine Catholic priests.

It's not the safest place to be these days, and Drinan deserves a lot of credit for taking the mission on.

* * *

Incidentally, one report out of Argentina has the Vatican refusing to ask the Argentine military government to allow deposed President Maria Estela de Peron to seek asylum in a convent in Spain. The former President is alleged to have sought the intervention of Argentine Papal Nuncio Pio Laghi, who refused.

Mrs. Peron is under arrest, charged with various counts —many no doubt political— of manipulating state funds for her personal benefit.

Odds and Ends

— "Most rejection slips are blue," reads the *Catholic Digest*'s rejection notice, "which is the way one usually feels when a manuscript is returned. This one, however, is green, which is the symbol of hope and encouragement." Adds *The New Yorker*, whimsically: "It's also the color of currency, which is what *really* turns us on."

— New Marian devotions continue to spring up all over the place. A Brentano's ad in the Nov. 6 *New York Times* announces "Puccini's Madonna Butterfly." JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Philip Barry's Art

Bloomington, Ind.

To the Editors: "To take Barry seriously"—that is certainly an intelligently novel idea [Gerald Weales, "The Very High Comedy of Philip Barry," Aug. 27] at a time when Neil Simon is the successful dramatist in America and other playwrights seemingly ape his techniques, experiment in a manner that is defiantly presumptuous, or take advantage of the latest tastelessness.

Barry was one man. By providing the basis for an easy metaphor with his crack about Barry's successes and failures—a "lightning bug," "now he lights up, now he doesn't"—Frank Nugent did Barry far more harm than he imagined. Everything that Barry wrote, for that matter, is consistent with that one man as he considered the question that bothers all thoughtful writers: What is it all about—this life? And if some of his plays are obtuse and others sparklingly clear, he was only trying to make sense of the different attitudes of man which touched his imagination. Not a philosopher, he was a creative artist something of a loner on New York's Broadway, a thoughtful man who is, as Weales carefully points out, frustrating to consider seriously because he opens up so many different avenues of study with characters caught up in religion, art, business, thoughts of love and death. Like him, they wonder and they question.

A sense of freedom was essential for Barry as well as for his characters if he or they were to realize any answers. From *The Youngest* through *Second Threshold* he refused to play God or to allow others to do so, and he did not easily accept answers—even those of the Catholic Church whose teachings he explored in his plays. Although he offended some Catholic critics with his plays, his approach was a most sincere form of artistic and intellectual probing. Dramatizing moments of despair,

(*Continued on page 798*)

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A NUCLEARIZED FUTURE?

The election past settled more than the occupancies of political seats. Some 300 special questions were placed before voters in 41 states—none of which were more important than those in Ohio, Montana, Colorado, Washington, Oregon and Arizona that would have placed restrictions on the development of nuclear power. In all six states, the initiatives of petitioners lost. The nuclear power industry was ecstatic—understandably; nuclear power means profits as well as energy—and has postured since as if the referendums amounted to a *carte blanche* for unrestrained development into the indefinite future. The presumption is unwarranted. A six-state decision in no way constitutes a national industrial mandate. Indeed, it is even questionable whether, at this point in scientific knowledge, nuclear power should be a matter of public referendums, so many are the imponderables.

According to the Gallup Poll, 71 percent of Americans approve of nuclear power in principle. This is an imposing figure; it is also a meaningless one, which probably only reflects business's ability to shape opinion by spending enough dollars to propagandize a point of view. In the six state referendums, for instance, the nuclear industry spent millions, while proponents of caution and controls could counter with but small amounts. Contrasting sums aside, the very approach is at fault. Nuclear power issues reach out across generations, even centuries, and are much too sensitive, and right now too obscure, to be decided by polls or referendums.

Presently there are 58 nuclear power plants in operation in the U.S. Had Gerald Ford been continued in office, there could have been as many as 200 more by 1985. Whether there should be one more until much more is known about the risks and consequences of a nuclear-energy commitment is the question. Here the new President will have a decisive role to

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play. Admittedly, much talk by environmentalists about nuclear energy rings of hysteria, but not all of the talk is as crazy as it sounds. There are studies, such as the Brookhaven Report of 1957, which estimate that a nuclear accident (no remote possibility) in a small nuclear plant in a nonurban location would kill some 3,400 persons, injure 43,000 more, and cause property damage of $7 billion—deaths occurring at distances up to 15 miles, injuries up to 45 miles. The Brookhaven Report is outdated to be sure—but because the situation has changed for the worse, not the better. Furthermore, there remains the fact that no satisfactory method has been found for the storage and disposal of nuclear wastes, some of which have radioactive life cycles of 200,000 years! And these are just some of the problems.

Recently, Sir Brian Flowers, the physicist who helped usher England into the nuclear age, urged his government to pause before proceeding further with nuclear development. "Please ask yourself if that's the path down which you want to go," he declared. "Stop and think before you take the next major step. Stop and think."

Flowers attacked the prevailing assumption that energy demands will continue to grow exponentially, so that there will thus always be an energy gap—a tack, incidentally, that could render him right about his warning, but wrong in his reasoning, particularly as exponential growth applies in energy-gluttonous societies, of which the U.S. is a far more striking example than England. But right or wrong in specific details, Flowers's warning is one to be taken seriously in England, and no less so in the U.S., where the nuclear commitment is so much larger. (Look at what is happening to the Hudson River Valley, now known by some as "nuclear alley.")

The preoccupation with nuclear energy is understandable. Global oil supplies are limited and nonrenewable. Based on a world population of 3.3 billion, consumption rates of 1965, and known deposits of 1969, one source actually has crude oil reserves expiring before the year 2000. This is not a comfortable supply margin, new discoveries in the North Atlantic and along the Alaskan northern slope notwithstanding. So of course alternative sources of energy must be found, and soon, without painful dislocations occurring throughout the world. The issue is whether the reliance on nuclear power should be as unqualified as it is. Nuclear power likely has a place in the world's future, but only after numerous problems are resolved. Meanwhile, there should be a much more serious exploration of alternatives—solar energy, for example; and coal and lignite, for which there are reserves to carry the world beyond the year 3000.

If anyone is looking for an additional reason to welcome the election of Jimmy Carter, it is on this general score. As a nuclear engineer, he does not have to be educated to the problems of nuclear energy; as a nuclear engineer, he should bring a special perception to their handling. Let's hope he will.

WASHINGTON REPORT

POLICING THE POLICEMEN

I don't know what Jimmy Carter and his Georgians are doing down there, but I do know what one of them ought to be doing. Some staff members ought to be reading and taking notes from Morton Halperin's new book *The Lawless State*: The Crimes of the U.S. Intelligence Agencies (Penguin Books). The book should be required reading for anyone about to take high office in the new administration and is recommended reading for any American wanting to restore and preserve the Republic.

Halperin, of course, is the former Deputy Assistant Secretary of Defense and senior staff member, reporting to Henry Kissinger, of the National Security Council. In that capacity, he found that his home as well as office telephones were being bugged by his boss, whom he is now suing for redress of that unconscionable but apparently, to Kissinger, quite natural invasion of privacy and violation of civil liberties. Halperin is now director of the Project on National Security and Civil Liberties set up jointly by the ACLU and the Center for National Security Studies. That career change is extremely interesting in itself, for it represents on a personal level exactly what the country as a whole and the new administration in particular ought to be doing, perhaps not as drastically, but certainly as inclusively. We have got to enlarge our view of "national security" to include consideration of the costs of that elusive quality, or state of being, or condition of life, or philosophical desideratum, whatever "national security" is thought to be.

In career, thus, Halperin is a kind of nonsensationalist Daniel Ellsberg, without the flakiness that makes a lot of people uneasy about Ellsberg. From being professionally employed in the advancement of "national security," Halperin has turned to being professionally concerned about how the presumed effort to preserve the Republic, or at least the nation, actually has eroded some of the most fundamental attributes of the Republic. This is precisely the change of focus, or at the very least, enlargement of focus, that the country needs to make.

Ford and Dole and people of that ilk are fond of pointing out that you don't get anything free and noting

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further that one of the major problems facing our society is how to control government interference with the lives of citizens.

What those thinkers mean, usually, is the high cost of welfare on the one hand, and, on the other, the formidable stacks of forms the poor, harried businessman has to fill out in order to get his share of government handouts.

National security, that will-o'-the-wisp, has levied costs on this society incomparably greater than would be levied by welfare if every recipient arrived at the check-dispensary by Cadillac and wearing a fur coat. The money cost is greater, of course, but that's only the beginning. The far worse costs are the kind suffered by Halperin in his service to the Mad Bomber, and detailed by him in *The Lawless State*.

Likewise, the poor harried businessman is only the victim of the inertia, as it were, of the bureaucracy. Sure, government is interfering with his activities, but usually only by a kind of automatic reflex, knee-jerk smothering you could call it. The intelligence agencies, on the other hand, set out to harass all kinds of people. Just as the CIA moved on the world scene from intelligence gathering to a monumentally inept series of what were naively called "covert" operations, so at home the corresponding agencies, starting with the FBI, moved from monitoring to messing up the lives of their "subjects."

I suppose if we have had a public saint in this country in the last two decades, it was Martin Luther King. The FBI, under J. Edgar Hoover, set out to destroy King, a campaign that Halperin examines in great detail. It ran from the illegal bugging and taping of King's private conversations, to attempts to peddle the tapes so obtained to the press, to, finally, an effort to drive King to suicide a month before his scheduled award of the Nobel Prize for peace. It is easy enough to portray Hoover as a monster, a sport of nature of some sort, the kind of man you more often encounter in Vincent Price movies than in real life, let alone in real government. Hoover was a monster, all right, and probably the greatest single threat to the Constitution, the Republic and the Spirit of Law since Jefferson Davis, but there is a great deal more to the undermining of the Republic than Hoover's clinically interesting personality. That personality, coming on the national scene in the 1920s, was a little ahead of its times. The times caught up with Hoover in the late '40s, early '50s, and amazingly, when you think of it, have stayed abreast of that evil mediocrity ever since.

Kissinger knows which fork to use when and Richard Helms understands wine, but spiritually both of them are tablemates of J. Edgar at the Mayflower's beefsteak emporium. Couth doesn't really make up for the corruption both the suavies presided over. It is very hard to believe that Helms's resignation from his posh post as ambassador to the Shah of Iran, announced the day after the election, was purely coincidental, entirely unrelated to the imminence of outsiders gaining control of the government.

For, in this field, this is the great advantage of Jimmy Carter. He has not been on the national scene at all. His embarrassments are all on the public record: the *Playboy* interview, the remark about the preservation of neighborhood homogeneity, others. In the nature of his previous occupations, there is quite probably no secret record with which the FBI can blackmail him as it has blackmailed any number of presidents and other powers. More important, he has not participated in the assault on the Constitution maintained by the FBI for the profit and even the mere delectation of victorious candidates and their entourages. (Very early in the Kennedy administration, I was at a dinner with a newly minted Cabinet member who delighted the table by reading excerpts of FBI hearsay opinions on some poor prospective appointee. It was funny material. I laughed along with everyone else. Fifteen years later, it doesn't seem just plain funny. I should have been—and wasn't—smart enough to be both outraged and alarmed.)

Halperin's book—written with Jerry J. Berman, Robert L. Borsage and Christine Marwick, all colleagues in his present activities—details lawlessness not only of the FBI and the CIA, but also of the Military Intelligence in its operations against war dissenters, the National Security Agency, operating, apparently, out of a kind of professional paranoia—that, at least, seems the kindest explanation for Kissinger's easy violation of the most fundamental rights of Americans in relation to their government—and a couple of mild surprises, the Internal Revenue Service and grand juries at large, both of which have followed the lead of the intelligence agencies in placing themselves above the law, answerable to no one.

There is, of course, a kind of case to be made for many, not all by any means, of the violations so depressingly detailed in the book. What seems paranoia to me, obviously seemed common prudence to many of the administrators engaged in criminal violations of the civil liberties of their fellow citizens. If such a case exists, however, with any degree of plausibility, it is one that must be made to the country at large and very specifically to the country's Congress: Here is a clear and present danger; to meet it we must sacrifice some of our normal rights for a temporary period. That that case was neither made nor even attempted by anyone is a strong presumption that it did not exist, even in the minds of those operating on its premises.

Meanwhile, the security and intelligence agencies are way out of control, must be brought back under the Constitution and, in the process, their whole theory intensively rethought. FRANK GETLEIN

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PHILLIPS CURVE—OR SPITBALL?

PETER STEINFELS

APPEARING ON this channel two weeks ago, I listed four major obstacles to full employment. First on the list was an economic relationship called the "Phillips curve."The Phillips curve is not a household word —or so I have been informed by reliable sources within several households. Yet a lucid explanation of the Phillips curve and its undue impact on economic policy is available. It was included in testimony to the Joint Economic Committee of Congress by Charles Killingsworth, a professor of industrial relations and economics at Michigan State University, and was published in the Fall 1976 issue of *Dissent* magazine. Mr. Killingsworth is also chairman of the National Council on Employment Policy, and to him I happily yield the remainder of my time:

"In 1958, Professor A. W. Phillips published an article entitled 'The Relations Between Unemployment and the Rate of Change of Money Wage Rates in the United Kingdom, 1861-1957.' His findings were not entirely free from ambiguity and, at least by contemporary standards, his methodology was not impeccable. But almost immediately the so-called Phillips curve became a major factor in employment policy. Many economists, with varying degrees of success, tried to determine whether the Phillips curve relationship was applicable to the American experience. Some analysts found little need for data. The relationship was so logical and so consistent with economic theory that, if the data did not plainly show it, there must be something wrong with the data. With the passage of time, the relationship tended to become one between the level of unemployment and rate of inflation (rather than the rate of change of money wage rates), although some analysts still recognize that a change in money wage rates is far from synonymous with a change in the general level of prices. The most common statement of the doctrine is that if you want less unemployment, you must accept more price inflation; and if you want less price inflation, you must accept more unemployment.

"The data invoked to provide empirical support for this concept have turned out to be fractious. At least for the United States, the alleged relationship cannot be convincingly demonstrated in any straightforward manner. On the simplest level, for example, the data show that the U.S. had quite low unemployment rates—at times less than 3 percent—through most of the years 1951, 1952, and 1953; yet, coincident with the low unemployment rates, we also had very low rates of price increase. There were wage and price controls during part of this period, but their abrupt removal early in 1953 made no difference. On the other hand, in the last three years, we have had unemployment rates that were extremely high by postwar standards—and we have had very rapid price inflation as well.

"Various strategies have been followed to overcome such fractiousness of the data. Sometimes the data are plotted on charts, and assertions are made in the text that are not clearly supported by the charts. Leads and lags of varying duration have been tried. Additional variables have been thrown into the equations, often with little effort to justify their use except for the fact that more satisfactory results were thereby produced. Some analysts say that the Phillips curve describes a short-run relationship; others say, a long-run relationship. If all else fails, or seems inadequate, there is the useful motion of a *shifting* Phillips curve—that is, a relationship that changes over time.

"Despite these difficulties, the Phillips curve has gained increasing influence in policy-making. When men in high office tell that we must accept high unemployment rates for years into the future in order to bring inflation under control, they are echoing the Phillips-curve doctrine. But, as often happens, as the acceptance of the Phillips curve among economic policy-makers has spread, skeptics have arisen among prominent economists. For example, Chairman Arthur F. Burns of the Federal Reserve System in a recent speech remarked: 'Whatever may have been true in the past, there is no longer a meaningful trade-off between unemployment and inflation.' Burns proposed a program of direct attack on what he presented as the real causes of inflation, and he prefaced a program for the reduction of unemployment by saying: 'I believe that the ultimate objective of labor market policies should be to eliminate all involuntary unemployment. This is not a radical or impractical goal.' Others, like Dr. Burns, have pointed out that to a large degree, recent increases in the price level have obviously been caused by factors wholly unrelated to the state of the labor market—the outstanding examples being worldwide—crop failures, the unilateral decisions of the Arab oil cartel, and the tightness, in the recent past, in world markets for raw materials.

"Forty-five years ago, there was general agreement among the world's leading economists that the *only* way to reduce unemployment was to reduce wages. One of the great achievements of J. M. Keynes was to demonstrate the fallacy of this doctrine. Cutting wages might induce some employers to hire more workers, he said, but he pointed out that this was certainly not the *only* or most effective way to reduce unemployment. Like the insistence on wage-cutting, the Phillips curve concept surely has a

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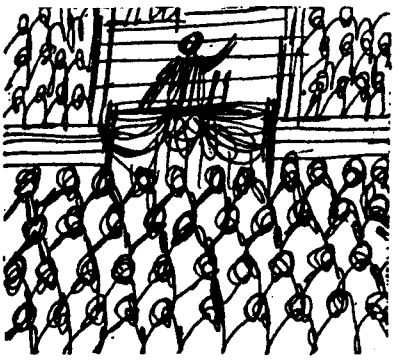
CAMPAIGN '76—CRISIS AHEAD

CAREY McWILLIAMS



A crisis of confidence, of credibility, of legitimacy

Glorious it would have been if these United States had experienced a rebirth of freedom in the Bicentennial election of 1976. But just as we could not celebrate the Bicentennial with unfettered exuberance—Watergate and Vietnam had cast a pall on the proceedings—so the results of Campaign '76 were less than thrilling. Even so the electorate made the better choice despite a wretched campaign and for this we should be thankful. The re-election of President Ford would have meant more of the same only worse, in the sense, that is, that popular political considerations would have been less influential. We really do not know, with any certainty, what the President-elect will do or what kind of President he will make but he was the better choice in an election in which there was no "best." He does offer the prospect of change, however marginal, and hope, however qualified; but what we have won is a reprieve, not a rebirth of freedom. Under the circumstances this is a minor miracle. Admittedly the circumstances were special: a non-elected incumbent President pitted against a relatively unknown politician from a Southern state. But the fact that the better choice was made under these circumstances should not blind us to the dimensions of the crisis that confronts the American political system, a crisis which this election has not resolved.

But let it be said at the outset that there is at least one good clear reason to cheer Carter's victory. In historical terms, the nation has turned a corner; it was time that a Southerner of Carter's persuasion—that is, a "liberal" on the racial issue—should occupy the White House. Of course Woodrow Wilson was of the South but Carter is certifiably Southern in every respect: a peanut farmer from Georgia with the accent, manners, and style of a Southern gentleman. As the vote shows, he commands the loyalty of virtually the entire South and border states (nowadays Virginia and Oklahoma are not typical of the Southern or border states), including such deviant entities as Florida and Texas, and the Old South-Deep South enclaves of South Carolina, Louisiana, and Mississippi. "Dixie" may not be played at the inaugural but the strains echoed clear and loud in the wake of the election.

That the turnout of voters was heavier in the South than elsewhere reflects the region's sense of relief and pride that the "cloud" of secession has finally lifted and that it may now rejoin the Union, in spirit as well as fact, with enthusiasm, without reservation. Just as it was high time in 1960 that a Catholic who had the necessary qualifications should occupy the White House, so symbolically the time had come for a Deep South candidate capable of winning the Black vote from coast to coast by a 5 to 1 margin, to hold the office. Without the Black vote, ironically, Carter would not have carried South Carolina, Louisiana and Mississippi; indeed if only "white" America had voted President Ford would have been elected by a 51 to 48 margin (Robert Reinhold, *New York Times* Nov. 4th). So even if Carter received a lesser percentage of the Black vote nationally than either McGovern or Humphrey, he is more beholden to this constituency than to any other which is, in itself, a good omen for significant improvement in the area of civil rights. Just as President Kennedy amply justified the confidence of non-Catholics in his fairness and respect for religious freedom, so there is every reason to believe that Carter will honor his com-

CAREY MCWILLIAMS, *whose numerous books include* Ambrose Bierce: A Biography *and* Witchhunt: The Revival of Heresy, *recently retired as Editor of* The Nation.

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mitment to civil rights. So just as we finally put a morbid fear of "Papists" and related historical debris behind us in 1960, so the ghostly presence of Jefferson Davis has at long last been exorcised from American politics. The George Wallaces belong to the past.

But much as we may be inclined to offer "two cheers" for Carter's victory we should not ignore the crisis that confronts the American political system, a crisis of confidence, of credibility, of legitimacy, a crisis that Walter Dean Burnham has described as "pervasive and intractable." What, then, is the evidence that such a crisis exists? What have been *some* of the consequences to date? What are *some* of the causes? And what are the prospects for the future? (Please note: I am concerned only with national, not state or local, politics).

A wealth of political "indicators" point to the conclusion that the American political system is caught up in a crisis that has been in the making for several decades. I shall mention only a few.

Dropouts: Between 1962 and 1973 slightly more than 10 million voters exited from the two major parties. On November 2nd the partisan division was: Democrats 44 percent, Republicans 21 percent, Independents 37 percent.

Non-Voters: Non-Voters won the 1972 election. Of the votes cast, Nixon got 31 percent, McGovern 21 percent, but 45 percent of the electorate did not vote. A last minute flurry of interest created the impression of a "surprising" turn-out on November 2nd but the fact is that the number of persons eligible to vote who actually voted was only two or three percentage points higher than the 51 percent of 1948, the lowest turnout of recent times (Richard D. Lyons, *New York Times*). In the recent Swedish elections approximately 90 percent of those eligible voted.

The Undecided: In the period from 1968 to 1972, the percentage of undecided more than doubled. On the eve of the November 2nd election it would seem, from some of the polls, that 1 out of every 5 voters felt some measure of indecision.

The Turned-Off: a different category than the undecided; the turned-off are disgusted with the system and its results. They vote but feel cheated. "None of the Above" would probably elicit an "X" from most of them or, as Thomas Bailey, emeritus professor of History at Stanford said of this year's two major party nominees: "I hope they both lose." And as Margaret Mead correctly reminds us (*New York Times* October 25): "the rising tide of turned-off voters in America is ominous . . . If most of the people are bored, anything can happen."

Cross-Overs: A very high percentage of voters, particularly in the 18-34 age category, are largely indifferent to party labels, which is far from being a sign of good health for the political system. In 1964, 77 percent expressed a fairly strong sense of identification with one or the other of the two major parties; by 1974 the figure had dropped to 64 percent or less Some 57 percent, by one poll, believe that big business dominates both parties. In the final weeks of this year's campaign residual party loyalties *seemed* to reassert themselves but this was more appearance than reality. Party labels are apt to become more important when voters exhibit little enthusiasm for either nominee. In one regional survey, three out of every five Democrats who had voted for Nixon in 1972 cast ballots for Carter but this hardly indicates that masses of Democrats are "returning" to the party. These are the kinds of Democrats who would readily defect in the future. Nor does the vote in 1976 indicate or warrant the conclusion that the old New Deal coalition has been reconstituted. Other significant indicators of the malfunctioning of the party system could be cited but even these few suggest that something has gone awry.

Before turning to causes, two points should be made about the significance of the indicators cited above. In the first place, the disaffection they reveal is not to be explained, as so much of the commentary suggests, as a reaction to the debacle in Vietnam and the Watergate scandals. Lack of confidence in the political system dates from 1960 and has been steadily increasing. There is no reason to think that it has been arrested, much less reversed; it is a long-term trend. Nor can it be attributed to "apathy." Today's dissatisfaction and distrust reflect a growing public concern, not apathy or boredom per se. Voters, as James M. Naughton notes (*New York Times* Nov. 4th) are "more unimpressed than dispirited." George Wald, the distinguished scientist, expressed a widely held feeling when he said of this election: "People are numbed, dazed, punch drunk, angry, distrustful, and deeply worried. I don't know myself where to turn politically."

It is not lack of interest or a lower level of understanding that turns off so many voters nowadays. Indeed I would agree with Howard Zinn that the level of interest and understanding is higher than it has ever been; the critical sense is exceptionally strong. So the easy explanations of dissatisfaction and distrust are not satisfactory. It is the political system's malfunctioning that has created the crisis; not voter indifference. No doubt Watergate and Vietnam deepened this feeling but there was evidence of rot in the system at an earlier date.

That Campaign '76 was a disgrace by any standard reflects the sad state of the party system. In the last of the televised "debates," Robert Maynard reminded both candidates that a great many Americans thought the campaign was shamefully inadequate and asked each to assess his degree of responsibility for its low level of interest and intelligence. It was the one question that made both of them visibly wince. Neither had

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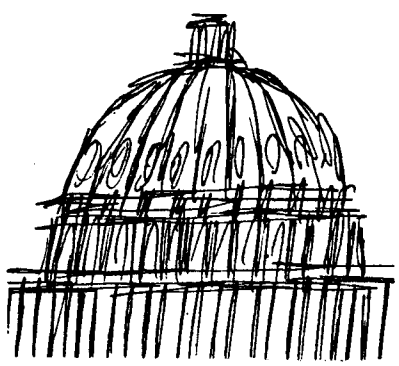
much by way of an answer. The fact is that the real issues were simply not flushed out. It won't do to say that "inflation" and "jobs," "foreign policy" and the "economy" were the key issues and that they were discussed. True, they were discussed but in generalities so broad as to be virtually meaningless. There was in fact more consensus than disagreement in the views expressed by the candidates. And any number of major issues were largely if not wholly ignored.

Neither candidate had much to say about corporate corruption, an issue of perhaps greater long-term significance than the Watergate scandals. President Ford was baited a bit about his golfing weekends but neither he or his challenger had anything to say about corporate bribes, illegal campaign contributions, rip-offs and pay-offs to procurement agents which now total more than $10 billion annually. Nor did they have much to say about Watergate and the cluster of issues it represents. "Crime" was a major issue in 1968 and 1972 but not in 1976 although the prison population stands at



249,000 and most of the inmates are under thirty years of age. Some of our largest cities are in desperate shape yet neither candidate really offered any new ideas or programs which might offer some hope of immediate relief or long-term revitalization for needed services.

What Earl Butz said to John Dean on the airliner was indeed revolting but it was trivial by comparison with "benign neglect" and what Ford has to say about busing. Jack Nelson of the *Los Angeles Times* asked the only questions at the televised "debates" aimed at testing the commitment of Ford and Carter to civil liberties and finding out what criteria they would use in making nominations to the Supreme Court. His questions were not answered. Yet given the present balance on the Burger Court, the next one, two, or three appointments will be of crucial importance.

On arms spending, Carter did advocate some cuts while Ford wanted more funds appropriated but the difference was one of emphasis rather than substance; both are heavy arms-spending advocates. As to foreign policy, Stanley Hoffman of Harvard properly charged both candidates with making appeals to blocs of voters rather than discussing the real issues. They should, for example, have talked about the Vietnam war and examined the lessons but neither did. Throughout the campaign no effort was made to examine the assumptions on which Cold War policies rest nor to take a look at new realities in international affairs.

Even more distressing, neither candidate seemed willing or capable of presenting a coherent statement of what he thought the United States should be doing in the world in the last quarter of this century. The rhetoric under this heading was not only stale, trite and dreary but at an intellectual level that suggested try-outs for a high school debate.

Clarence Kelley should not, of course, have accepted gifts from conniving FBI personnel but this was a trivial issue by contrast with the demonstrated waste and inefficiency of the agency, not to mention its serious infractions of civil liberties. Nor did either candidate have anything to say about the CIA that might suggest a truly critical attitude toward that excrescence of our constitutional system.

This was, as William Shannon has noted, the campaign in which the "long developing dry rot of the two-party system" became painfully visible. Ford accepted a platform every plank of which was dictated by the right or Reagan wing of the party and selected as a running mate a man known to be acceptable to these elements. Even these concessions won only lip-service support from Reagan and his crew in part because Ford was compelled to appeal to Independents and Democratic voters; at times he acted as though he had not read the platform. The national apparatus of the Republican Party is now firmly in the control of the right wing which was perhaps its real objective this year. With Ford's defeat, the liberal Republicans, who make up its best talent pool, face a serious problem. There are some strong leaders in this wing of the party: James Thompson of Illinois, Mayor Pete Wilson of San Diego, Senators-elect Heinz and Danforth, Senators Percy, Mathias, Brooke, Hatfield, and the others but unless they can take over control of the party, it will cease to function as a viable opposition.

Carter, of course, started as an "outsider"; after the primaries he began to campaign as a pseudo-regular Democrat but with only qualified success. Indeed he nearly blew his early lead—never as great as the media made it out to be—in his efforts to keep the party together during the campaign. But with no significant organized pressure from the left, the Democrats will preempt the center position. Having set back Republican growth in the South, why should Carter create problems for himself by upsetting genuine conservatives of both parties?

With Reaganites in control of the national apparatus of the G.O.P. the Democrats automatically become the party of the "moderates" or the center conservatives. Elected by a thin margin of support, Carter will not be in a position as Roosevelt was in 1932 to push through

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a strong reform program. True, the Democrats are more representative than the Republicans: they have more Blacks, ethnics; blue-collar workers, urban dwellers, dirt farmers, and farm laborers—and relatively more younger voters—but they are also a divided party on class lines. If the South is to stay "solid," Carter will be forced to take a pretty strong pro-big-business heavy-arms-spending conservative line. The Democrats are better organized and have more coherence as a party and the margin of their control of both houses of Congress has not been disturbed but it remains to be seen how long the precarious "unity" Carter has achieved will last.

Manipulation

The real difficulty with the parties, however, is that the party system has become, to a degree that was not true in the past, a mechanism for manipulating the consent of the electorate rather than investing government with legitimacy by expressing popular discontents. In effect the parties have became agencies designed to suppress and regulate politics, a means of governing the governed rather than representing them. The prime function of the parties today is to keep discontent within reasonable, that is, "safe" bounds. The dodge of having a Republican in the White House with a majority of Democrats in the Congress creates the appearance of government by the consent of the governed but it has, for years now, kept significant change at a minimum and both parties on dead center. Now that the Democrats control the Executive as well as the Congress they can in theory initiate and implement reform programs, but will they? Conditions have changed since 1932; Carter did not receive a mandate to restructure power in Washington.

Another sign of the malfunctioning of the party system is the rise of single-issue constituencies. In part the emergence of these constituencies reflects the failure or unwillingness of the two major parties to deal with new issues, particularly those with a strong emotional content. The existence of such special constituencies creates difficulties for responsible politicians and makes it hard to build broad coalitions aimed at carrying out integrated programs for reform. Abortion and amnesty are prime examples of special-interest constituencies which cut across party lines. Proposition 14—the farm labor initiative in California—which lost by a 3 to 2 margin, probably cost Carter California's electoral votes and John Tunney his seat in the Senate. It thus removed a Democratic Senator, with some seniority, who would have been in a position to aid the state in many ways through entry at the White House and influence in Congress. Many special issues are important—Proposition 14 certainly was—but they present problems in a nominally two-party system in which politicians try to sidestep emotional single issues, or seek to use them to embarrass their opposition. But the longer parties ignore new issues of the kind indicated, the more special constituencies are likely to surface.

In part the malfunctioning of the political system is due to the fact that we are at the moment between generations. Both Ford and Carter supported the war in Vietnam. Both apparently accept the assumptions on which the Cold War of the last thirty years has been based. As a Nixon lieutenant, Ford was not anxious to discuss Watergate but Carter also had surprisingly little to say about it. A new post-Watergate, post-Vietnam generation is emerging but it has not yet come to power. For the moment the "old" generation, implicated in Watergate, Vietnam and the Cold War on a bipartisan basis, is still in power, but not for long. Recently I heard James Reston say that voters 28 years of age and younger now constitute one-half of the population of voting age. As he put it: "these are our children" and indeed they are but they have not yet come to power.

Also we are between eras—"between worlds"—just as we are between generations. The "old" politics still prevail but a "new" politics is emerging. Three brief quotes suggest the odd position in which we find ourselves at the moment. "We are at one of those decisive turning points in history," Hannah Arendt wrote shortly before her death, "which separate whole eras from each other." The novelist Walker Percy put it this way: "We've come to the end of an age and don't know it, and entered a new age and don't understand it." Sheldon Wolin, the Princeton political scientist, offers this comment: "We have moved from a society of free choice and opportunity to a society shaped by necessity."

As history's spoiled children, we find it difficult to confront this new situation; indeed for most Americans it is an unacceptable reality. Most Americans seem to feel that they have a constitutional, perhaps even a divine, right to be wasteful. But the longer the new realities are ignored, the greater the hazard, for it is dangerous to delay change too long. Some adjustments become more, not less difficult to make with the passage of time.

But for us change will be difficult—much more so than in 1932—because of the way power is concentrated today. Without a major restructuring of power, the Democrats under Carter will find it difficult to accomplish even his limited stated objectives. Economic power is highly concentrated; managements are far more sophisticated politically than they were in 1932; the whole social and cultural scene has changed. It would take a movement more powerful than the New Deal to move us off dead center and no such movement exists today although I expect one to emerge in the future.

In part—but only in part—the malfunction of the political system can be traced to the impact of television.

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This year we observed—without much awareness of the significance—the twenty-fifth anniversary of the advent of network television in national politics. In the fall of 1951 President Truman delivered an address to mark the opening of the first transcontinental nationwide telecast via the newly installed network of 107 microwave relay towers. Since then the influence of television has steadily increased. Admittedly the subject is full of complexities; everyone feels grateful to Edward R. Murrow for his March 9, 1954, CBS look at Senator Joe McCarthy, not to mention the televised Watergate hearings. But some negative conclusions are justified.

Nowadays 65 percent of the public gets most of its news via the networks but, more important, an estimated 36 percent rely entirely on the tube. Yet in 1972 only 2 percent of network news dealt with issues. Today candidates chase media personnel in a mad scramble for free time. Campaign schedules are dictated by television requirements. The personal qualities of a candidate are stressed in a manner that has become both absurd and humiliating. Does Ronald Reagan dye his hair? Did "Scoop" Jackson manage to look less grim after that operation on a drooping eyelid? Candidates practice gestures before mirrors. Their handlers replay network programs of the day's campaigning the better to make adjustments in appearance, voice, gestures and mannerisms of their candidates.

Television, we are told, is a great "revealer"; it tells us much about candidates we would not otherwise learn. It is also a great "concealer" or "deceiver." A friend of mine once said that sincerity like virtue is one of the arts. Carter said that the media would magnify the impact of the early primaries by 100 percent and he was right. In Concord, New Hampshire, at one of his meetings, network personnel constituted a third of the audience; there were 20 camera crews in the state with 400 TV personnel. New Hampshire was not that important but as one commentator put it, it received intensive coverage because it was "first," "coverable," that is, a small state in area, and "colorful." When Carter got 23 percent of the vote in the Iowa primary he became the front runner because the media said he was the front runner, whereas Jackson's strong showing in Massachusetts was dismissed as meaningless.

Nowadays the networks commission polls and then tell us what the polls mean and the polls do not always raise issues in a meaningful way. How often, for example, have questions about arms cuts been linked with non-defense spending for social purposes? While television has many plusses, it has greatly weakened party structures. Primaries have become media events. The campaign is what gets on the tube, or, as Peter Sourian has noted, we now watch TV watching politics almost as much as we watch the events. And with candidates relying increasingly on polls—as they have done since 1960—we have spawned a generation of political "popularizers," not Populists, who strive frantically to project the kind of image they are told will win the most votes. In the process we have created the dangerous possibility that an individual with enough money—now that we limit campaign contributions—just might stampede the national electorate with consequences that could be dangerous. Parties do have their uses and one of them is to control politicians.

Nationally the center or conservative position has tended to prevail in American politics except at critical intervals when revitalization has been achieved through a significant realignment of the kind that surfaced with the New Deal. Such a realignment is overdue but it has not emerged with Carter's victory. Just when such a movement will emerge it is difficult to say but it must, sooner or later, and there are signs that one may be shaping up for the near future.

We have a nucleus of 78 or so young freshmen Representatives, all but two of whom were apparently re-elected. We have many young activists working with environmental and other groups, including Nader task forces, and legal assistance projects. We are told that 2,000,000 Americans, mostly young Americans, protested the war in Vietnam. They are neither audible nor visible at the moment but they are out there, somewhere, more mature, more sophisticated, more experienced, marking time, "doing their thing," whatever it may be, waiting for D-Day.

Cultural change has been a great leavening force in politics since the 1960s and cultural changes are not readily reversed. It is estimated that half of the Democrats are activists and issue-oriented. But at the moment there is no pressure from the left, of an organized kind, that might force the Democrats to assert a more aggressive leadership. There are the jobless. It is also possible that organized labor may regain some of its old social idealism but there are only a few such signs at the moment. It is also possible that minor parties and special single-issue constituencies may force the two major parties off dead center. But more important than these and similar potentials is the hard fact that realities always surface sooner or later in politics and we are long overdue for a shake-up. But for the time being, the crisis continues, it has not been resolved and it will get worse before we experience the next big upheaval which is so clearly foreseeable.

* * *

As a postscript I would like to tip my hat in the direction of President Ford. He is indeed "a good and decent" man and unlike most politicians he projects an image which is unmistakably the man. His concession statement to Carter was gracious and moving. And he deserves our thanks: he performed fairly well in a difficult situation in which his bumbling manner and lack of finesse may have helped. A slicker product would have been less convincing. I wish him well.

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HOW CATHOLICS VOTED

JIM CASTELLI

Did Carter really have a Catholic problem?

If we are to believe the polls, Jimmy Carter left the Democratic convention last July with 67 percent of the Catholic vote, steadily lost a third of that support until he trailed President Ford among Catholics 46-45 percent the weekend before the election and then won back half of his loss in two days, finishing the election with a 56-41 lead according to NBC and a 55-45 lead according to CBS.

I, for one, believe that the polls may very well be right and that this kind of double shift did in fact occur within the Catholic community.

The early 67 percent figure represents exactly what Carter's overall 30-plus point lead in the polls at the time represented—the optimum vote for a Democratic candidate running unopposed and getting all the breaks. Interestingly enough, 67 percent is also the total of the 1968 vote of Hubert Humphrey (59) and George Wallace (8), a very good indication of the most a Democrat can expect from Catholics if he is not himself a Catholic being attacked for his religion (Kennedy) or a Kennedy heir running against a Republican generally perceived as an extremist (Johnson).

The erosion in Carter's Catholic support was partially influenced by the outcome of the Republican convention and partially by the enormous media coverage of Carter's alleged Catholic problem. Carter's Catholic support dropped sharply in the last weeks of the campaign, not as the result of anything with a particularly Catholic slant but because of the overall drop in Carter's support due to an effective campaign run by Ford to raise doubts about Carter and the fact that as the election drew near, the strength of the incumbency seemed to grow.

How did Carter pick up 11 percent of the Catholic vote in a matter of two days? Part of the reason is that undecided Catholics seemed to follow the national trend of turning to Carter in large numbers. An NBC survey showed that 53 percent of all undecideds who settled on a candidate early in the week before the election picked Carter; 56 percent of those choosing the weekend before the election picked Carter and 63 percent of those deciding on Election Day picked Carter.

There also had to be a good number of turn-arounds —Catholics who may even have gone into the voting booth planning to vote for Ford but then pulled the Democratic lever instead. This kind of movement could have been predicted from 1972; while everyone remembers that George McGovern was the first Democrat in decades to lose the Catholic vote (52-48), few people seem to remember that a September Harris poll in fact showed him with only 27 percent of the Catholic vote.

To many Catholics, the voting booth is like a confessional—it is a place where they reveal their darkest secrets, such as support for an allegedly unpopular Democratic candidate. This is particularly true in an election like this one, with the economy a major issue.

Much has been said about the fact that the Catholic vote does not exist as a bloc, and there is a great deal of truth to this. The "Catholic vote" is often coherent for cultural reasons—large numbers of Catholics share the heritage of living in northeastern urban areas. The fact is that the fate of the cities was a major issue in this campaign, and it was an issue which brought many Catholics "home" to the Democratic party.

But it would be inaccurate to say the Democratic party's appeal to Catholics does not have some religious overtones. The Catholic Church teaches that the goverment has a strong responsibility to meet human needs in areas such as health care, jobs, education and so on. This does not mean that Catholics are constantly aware of statements by the bishops on these subjects; they are not. But the Catholic Church has transmitted at least the impression that government involvement in human needs areas is respectable and good; when it became clear to many Catholics that they did face a clear choice between a classic Roosevelt Democrat and a classic laissez-faire Republican, the choice became easier to make.

Watergate and the Nixon pardon was also an issue with Catholics. In fact, Watergate may well be responsible for one of Carter's most impressive feats—the total turn-around of the Italian-American vote.

In 1972, while other Catholic ethnics gave McGovern a slim majority, Italian-Americans voted for Nixon by a 58-42 margin. According to NBC, they voted for Carter by a 57-43 margin. It has been suggested that large numbers of Democrats who voted Republican for the first time in 1972 did so expecting to be struck by

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lightning; it took a little time for lightning to strike, but it eventually did. There is good reason to believe that Italian-Americans, influenced partly by the role played by Peter Rodino and John Sirica in bringing down Nixon, were the least forgiving Americans as far as Watergate is concerned.

Statistics, though, are still somewhat deceptive; NBC said it appeared, for example, that Italians in New York gave Ford a majority. NBC also reported that 51 percent of Irish-Americans voted for Carter and that he received a majority among Polish- and Slavic-Americans, particularly in the Milwaukee area. This vote allowed Carter to win Wisconsin, a victory which surprised the Carter staff; Carter may have overreacted in his criticism of Ford's Eastern Europe gaffe, but that issue may well have helped him carry Wisconsin.

The vice-presidential selection of the major candidates also probably worked to Carter's advantage. Minnesota Senator Walter Mondale was well-known to the labor and ethnic groups which knew the least about Carter. The vice-presidential debate, which featured Bob Dole at his most Nixonian, helped Mondale become the traditional Democratic hero that traditional Democrats could identify with. Harris polls showed that Mondale added at least two percent to Carter's tally, and this was certainly the case among Catholics.

Catholic Problem?

Senator Mondale maintained all along that Carter did not have a Catholic problem. He blamed the media for using a "microscope" to find the problem, and he may be right. It would be wrong to suggest that Carter did not have some difficulties with Catholics. He lost to Jackson, Udall and Jerry Brown among Catholics and Jews in late primaries; while Catholic Democrats who backed those candidates could be expected to back Carter over Ford, Carter was still a little-known quality to Catholic independents and Republicans.

But, all in all, the media coverage of the "Carter Catholic problem" was terrible. The media focused on the bishops' discontent with Carter's abortion position while polls showed people were not going to vote on abortion; the media tried to make a serious issue of Carter's pronunciation of "Eye-talian" in his acceptance speech; the media reported doubts about Carter's sensitivities to urban problems but didn't report on his staff's actions to help sharpen those sensitivities. Catholic columnists like Jimmy Breslin, Andrew Greeley and Michael Novak were especially harsh toward Carter.

The media coverage of "Carter and Catholics" was a fine example of "pack journalism"—the same story was written over and over again with no new insight or research. It may sound Agnewesque, but it is legitimate to ask whether the media's treatment of Carter's alleged Catholic problem did not help create one.

The incident which contributed most to the impression of Carter's Catholic problem was his meeting with a committee of six bishops, headed by Archbishop Joseph Bernardin, president of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops.

This now famous meeting was regarded as a setback for his campaign at the time, but it may have helped in the long run. The media highlighted the fact that Bernardin said the bishops were "disappointed" with Carter's unwillingness to support an abortion amendment; at a later meeting they said they were "encouraged" by Ford's support for a states' rights amendment. Reaction to the impression that the bishops had endorsed Ford, however, led to a clarification and an explicit rejection of "one-issue voting" on the abortion issue.

The bishops did not hurt Carter directly on the abortion issue, but they hurt him in two more subtle ways. Certain bishops, such as Philadelphia's Cardinal John Krol, Arlington's Bishop Thomas Welsh and Chicago's Auxiliary Bishop Alfred L. Abramowicz made comments which were interpreted as critical of Carter. As one priest put it, "When I went home for a visit, my mother asked, 'Why don't the bishops like Carter?' It wasn't the amendment issue, she just had the feeling they didn't like him, just like my brother in 1972 knew that George Meany didn't like McGovern."

The second way that the bishops hurt Carter was even more subtle. By focusing as much as they did on abortion, they helped Ford create the impression that things were basically otherwise all right in the country. If the bishops had used their time with Ford to press the unemployment issue and help give it some more attention, for example, the tone of the campaign would have been a little different.

Another factor in Carter's "Catholic problem" was the strong effort mounted by Ford to be identified as the "Catholic" candidate. His efforts all involved symbols, not substance. He went to Catholic cathedrals and shrines and took out full-page ads in diocesan papers, but he never dealt with the substance. Carter, on the other hand, got one of the best receptions of his campaign at the annual meeting of the National Conference of Catholic Charities in Denver; he spoke on human rights at Notre Dame and on morality in foreign policy at Boston College. He went into ethnic neighborhoods with such style that Andrew Greeley, who began by calling Carter "dangerous" for Catholics ended by calling him "a gifted human being." Carter even read all those position papers of the bishops on issues like the economy, housing and food policy.

All things considered, Carter did extremely well among Catholics, getting about 85 percent of the 67 percent he might expect under the best of conditions.

These estimates are almost all subjective, but, I think, representative:

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First, subtract from 67 percent three percent for Catholics who have moved to the suburbs, figuratively and literally, and become more Republican in the past eight years.

Second, subtract one percent for those who voted against Carter because of the abortion issue. This is just a guess, but I've seen nothing to suggest the percentage was any higher.

Then, subtract two percent for those who voted for Eugene McCarthy and maybe another one percent for Catholic liberals who rationalized a vote for Ford. New York City Council president Paul O'Dwyer remarked during the Democratic convention that liberals were more prejudiced against Carter as a southerner than Catholics were prejudiced against him as a Baptist. There are a number of Catholic liberals who might fit this description; some voted for McCarthy, some for Ford.

This leaves four to five percent who voted for Ford for a combination of subtle reasons, ranging from cultural discomfort to bigotry, from fear of the unknown to a feeling that it was somehow disloyal to vote against an incumbent.

This year's election was certainly atypical because of Carter's solid base in the South; Ford could win Illinois, the most typical state, and still lose the country; Carter, with surprising strength in generally Republican southern Ohio, pulled out a slim victory in a major state that has traditionally eluded the Democrats' grasp. The simple fact is that Ford and Carter made inroads into each other's constituency and Carter did a better job.

It has been noted, perhaps with racist overtones, that Carter could not have been elected without the Black vote and that a majority of whites voted for Ford. But Blacks voted heavily for McGovern, and he still lost.

Emphasis on the Black vote alone distorts traditional voting patterns; Blacks vote for Democrats, but so do white Catholics and white Jews; white Protestants are the only group which traditionally gives Republicans majorities. But Carter received 46 percent of the total Protestant vote, eight percent more than the average for Democratic candidates since 1952. So if it is true that Blacks elected Carter, it is also true that Jews, Catholics and Carter's fellow Baptists elected Carter.

And one final word about Catholics and Carter. Carter may have lost some of his early support because he lost his "independence" and relied heavily upon the Democratic party structure and organized labor. But it was precisely the fact that on November 2 Catholics could relate to Carter as a traditional Democrat that won him the share of their vote he needed to send Jerry Ford back to the golf course.

A 'YES' FOR GAMBLING

THOMAS B. MECHLING

Other states are certain to follow suit

A scant two years ago, New Jersey voters overwhelmingly rejected legalizing casino gambling anywhere in their state (including Atlantic City) by a 500,000-vote margin out of more than 3 million votes cast. Last month, those same voters, by a 300,000-vote margin out of more than 3 million votes cast, overwhelmingly approved legalizing casino gambling for Atlantic City in South Jersey.

It was virtually the same proposition though ostensibly limited to the environs of Atlantic City. The 1976 proposal, like the 1974, was presented to the same electorate amidst remarkably similar economic and social conditions at the time: a depressed state economy and high unemployment.

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So why the Big Switch in a short two years? And what are its implications for other neighboring eastern states? The last question first:

Operating casinos in Atlantic City (now expected as early as March of next year) are certain to hasten legalizing legislation in other states and elsewhere in New Jersey—to "meet the competition" and supposedly to create new jobs and tourist dollars: the same argument Jersey proponents used to break the Las Vegas monopoly. "Why should we see our people go *there* to gamble?"

In New York State, two legislative committees have already held extensive "grass-roots" educational hearings on the issue. Governor Hugh Carey, the Democratic Speaker of the Assembly and New York City's Mayor Abraham Beame are publicly for a casino-gambling referendum. (Like New Jersey and most other states that suffered from the gambling scandals of the mid-

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1800's, the New York ban on assorted gambling is locked into the state constitution and can only be changed by referendum vote of the people.) The "glamor" of casino gambling will be pitched hard to solve the economic and tourism problems of Manhattan's Times Square, the Catskills Resorts and Long Island beach communities, only 150 miles from Atlantic City.

In New Hampshire, the largest newspaper and the only statewide daily, William Loeb's *Manchester Union-Leader*, along with his newly-reelected Governor Meldrin Thompson, are now beating the drums harder than ever for legalized casinos—using much the same arguments and eying the potential high rollers from nearby Boston's metropolitan area.

In Connecticut, much the same forces which recently brought exotic jai alai betting north to Bridgeport and Hartford are pushing casino gamblng, and now with added arguments from the overwhelming New Jersey vote. ("If New Jersey, why not us?")

And in Florida, a hoped-for replay of the good ol' days of wide-open (though illegal) casino gambling in the Miami Beach area, which really spawned the later big operators of Las Vegas, Havana and more recently the Bahamas gambling halls. Earlier this year the push to put the measure on the ballot by initiative petition (over the objections of Florida's Governor Askew and the State Attorney General) was aborted near the deadline when the Secretary of State of like mind threw out on technicalities 80,000 of the mere 210,000 signatures required by Florida law for initiating proposals via the ballot. But the proposition has not been beaten, only delayed.

Basically the same coalitions in opposing and proposing casino gambling as in 1974 squared off for the 1976 referendum under much the same conditions—but with one important difference between them: The pro-casino proponents learned from their mistakes of the past campaign and corrected them. The anti-casino opponents did not and stood pat.

The proponents raised and spent more than twice as much campaign funds as in 1974 ($1-million-plus vis à vis $500,000), and spent it more effectively. No more quarter-million-dollar simplistic "Vote Yes" billboards throughout the state; instead, media communications, early-behind-the-scenes persuasion of opinion-leader groups, and real get-out-the-vote politicking onto election day.

The proponents' committee reached outside the state for all the professional help and funds it could get to get its message across, and retained an experienced $10,000-a-month campaign organizer from California to coordinate fund-raising and campaign strategy rather than risk repeating the amateur night which defeated them in 1974. A great many New Jersey voters were clearly convinced by the economic, "create jobs" argument.

The opponents' committee, on the other hand, knowing all this, became even more parochial than in 1974, opting for a campaign mostly of church bulletins and mailings to inspire a grass-roots uprising of protest, which unfortunately fell virtually a million-votes short of the winning 500,000-vote margin which had been obtained in 1974.

No systematic fund-raising was attempted, no arm-twisting solicitations of fat-cat churchgoing parishioners, and little business and professional support was reached for—and hence, no professional organizers were engaged from within or outside the state because they were deemed not needed.

The organized casino opposition became mainly a church-oriented opposition, which, along with some elected officials, voiced opposition mostly in moral-corruption terms rather than credibly countering the more-business-more-jobs arguments of casino proponents with independent or non-aligned business or professional spokesmen of their own. (As it was, the opposition's most effective spokesman was himself a government official—U.S. Attorney Jonathan Goldstein.)

By a week before referendum day, the New Jersey Council of Churches committee had planned for all it felt was needed to win again: its $15,000 printing and mailing budget considered more than adequate to match the proponents' $700,000 media budget in a modern-day miracle of loaves and fishes that would multiply votes against casinos.

The miracle never happened. The winning votes never came forth. The issue of casino gambling was lost not by an inherent weakness in the issue itself but in the organization and communication of it.

Behind the Scenes

That's how the victory for gambling was won. But what many people do not know is one of the major reasons behind the push for casinos. Illegal, "dirty" money generated from a variety of unlawful pursuits needs to be cleaned up or "laundered" and diverted from federal law enforcement scrutiny before it can be further useful to the Mob. The unaccountability, untraceability of cash money used in casinos—unlike the numbered tickets in state lotteries, horse betting, etc.—makes them ideal for the laundering operations.

"If there weren't a Las Vegas, we'd have had to invent it—and maybe we did," one of the casino owners has candidly stated. The dirty money from elsewhere—called "damp and moldy" in the jargon of the trade—is couriered into Las Vegas to be dry-cleaned. There it is deliberately gambled away and "lost" over the gaming tables—and in the cash-play process loses its traceability (no check, no marker, no accounting tag on casino cash). A short time later it is handed back to the "loser" as cleaned up cash from the "skim" of the

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winnings counted in counting-house privacy, away from prying eyes.

It can work the other way too. Author Peter Wyden writes in the *Saturday Evening Post*: ". . . millions of untaxed dollars made by narcotic peddlers and other criminals around the country come to Las Vegas to be 'won' at the gambling tables. That way the money can be reported to the Internal Revenue Service as 'gambling winnings'."

Ed Reid and Ovid Demaris in their best-selling book on Vegas—*The Green Felt Jungle*—have a perceptive paragraph about the political-money laundering operation:

"Gambling is a hard-cash business. There are no Revenue men in the counting room at the end of each shift when the 'drop boxes' beneath the tables are brought in for the count. And even if the Revenue men could manage to get into the counting room three times a day in all the casinos in Nevada, the gamblers would have a dozen other cheating tricks left that would make a straight count impossible. They could overstate the 'fill slip'—slips of paper which show amounts of money brought to the table—or overstate the amounts lost to shills (and keep the earnings), or hand out a large sum to a confederate."

Hank Messick, in the latest of his dozen-or-so books on organized crime, *The Only Game in Town, An Illustrated History of Gambling*, writes:

"The counting room is locked until the end of another shift when once again the drop boxes will be removed from beneath the gaming tables and brought in for an accounting.

"End of story? Not quite. For, mysteriously, thousands of dollars brought to the counting room in the locked drop boxes never make it to the cashier's office in the currency separator. Somehow, the money vanishes. The process is known as 'skimming' and it can add up to as much as $4 million a year from a single casino.

"One doesn't have to account for 'skimmed' money. No taxes are paid on it, and there is no need to explain why large hunks of it go to men who are not owners of record of the casino. In short, skimmed funds represent the real profits of a legal casino—the cream off the top."

The "bank"—the Vegas casinos—is where the mobsters send their illegally-gotten funds from the big-state and big-city rackets to be systematically laundered into clean cash money (and untraceable)—and forthwith returned in part to the big states and cities for continuing bribes, payoffs and contributions to politicians.

The Vegas transactions may have gotten too heavy, the attention too intense, so the political pressure is on the pliant politicians for help in setting up some casino bank branches in the East, but for the same money-laundering, crime-convenience purposes as Vegas serves to excess. In New Jersey the verdict is in. Will voters in other states prove as compliant?

THE SCREEN

As ousted news chief Max Schumacher (William Holden) is walking out on mistress-producer Diana Christensen (Faye Dunaway), he observes that his departure is just the final episode in a TV series. With this remark Sidney Lumet's *Network* leaves itself so open, I don't think I need to lay a glove on it. It is interesting, however, the way that Max's self-evaluation applies to Martin Ritt's new film, *The Front*, as well. Here too we have the feeling we are watching network pulp: a TV movie, a few episodes from a series, installments in a soap opera called *As the World Burns*. Soap opera of this sort is like Camus's *The Stranger* without Camus's irony. His hero, you may recall, is brought to trial for killing an Arab, but found guilty because he behaved callously at his mother's funeral. This kind of moral transference, which Camus rendered absurd, is a code that soap opera in all its forms takes very seriously.

Consider for instance the death of TV comic Hecky Brown (Zero Mostel) in *The Front*. The star of his own series in the early 1950s, Hecky suddenly finds himself blacklisted because he once marched on May Day, and in the end he jumps out a hotel window. But what really pushes Hecky out that window isn't his persecution by red-baiters; it's the offense he commits against the film's hero, Howard Prince (Woody Allen), when he agrees in a weak moment to cooperate with HUAC by spying on Howard. Hecky has to jump out that window not in unjust atonement to the Committee for being pink, but in atonement to us for having gone through Howard's desk. Like the Stranger, he is accused of one thing, and condemned for another.

Hecky's death has its counterpart in *Network* in the death of Howard Beale (Peter Finch), a TV news anchorman. As a comparison of these men's deaths shows, too, the movies in which they occur are completely like-minded in their preoccupation with politics. The preoccupation of each is absolutely fake. Beale ends where poor Hecky begins: as a (so to speak) dupe of the international Communist conspiracy. Fired because of low ratings, Beale freaks out. He becomes Messianic during his final appearances on the air, and Diana, realizing the potential of Messianism in news, talks the network into keeping him on. The only problem is that once he has founded his church, a prophet is usually more trouble than he's worth. So Diana calls in a hit from the technical advisers on another show she has developed, a weekly series about left-wing terrorism, and has Beale assassinated right on the air one night.

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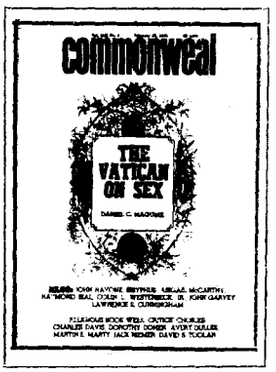

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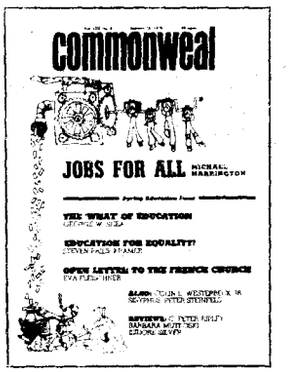

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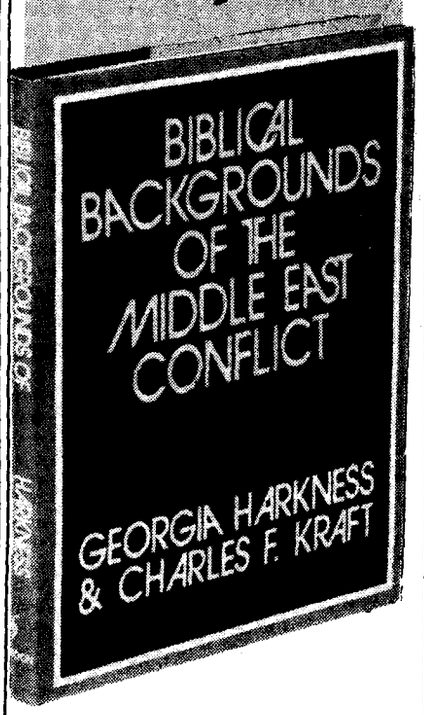

It is not just an international Communist conspiracy that is being made preposterous in this ending, or even TV's exploitation of such a bugaboo. It is the whole idea of politics. The same thing happens in *The Front*. Despite the fact that *The Front* is supposedly a memorial to victims of the blacklist (and had its premiere as a benefit for A.C.L.U.), with Allen and Mostel as the stars it is essentially a comedy. What is more, the joke tends to become most intense at those moments when the tragedy should be greatest, as when Hecky jumps out the window. He rents a hotel suite just for the occasion and clowns for the bellboys before taking the plunge. Thus, where *Network* makes the consequences of politics into something preposterous, *The Front* makes them into something ludicrous.

The real conspiracy uncovered in these films is television itself. It is the threat against which the films are warning us to be ceaselessly vigilant. In fact, one reason why *The Front* can't seem to deal with the political issues of the fifties is that neither Communism nor anti-Communism now seems so subversive to the filmmakers as television itself does. But then, you must keep in mind that these are both *movies* about the television industry. Each was written by a television malcontent—*Network* by Paddy Chayevsky and *The Front* by Walter Bernstein, who was among the writers blacklisted—so it's not surprising each turns out like a first-hand account of Jimmy Carter's inauguration written by Gerald Ford.

In *The Front* there is actually a dress code of sorts that telegraphs the moral code by which history is judged. Being about the early fifties, *The Front* is in effect a costume drama; yet, only two characters are really in costume. They are the anti-Communist lawyer who persecutes everyone and Florence (Andrea Marcovicci), Howard's girlfriend who resigns a good job at the network to devote herself to exposing the blacklist policy. The reason these two wear clothes appropriate to the times—taffeta petticoats, three-button suits with narrow lapels, and argyle socks—is that both are very dated characters. As heroine and villain, they are *passé*. On the other hand, the big executive producer, Sussman (Herschel Bernardi), wears double-breasted suits right for the fifties, but equally right for today too. He is the man who fires Hecky, not out of any conviction about Communism, but just to protect the network. His behavior, like his suit, has a certain timelessness that transcends ideology.

In contrast to everyone else's clothes, Woody Allen's two-button suit with wide lapels is distinctly contemporary. And like his clothes, his heroism is out of place in the early fifties. It is quite right that his whole role in this story should be that of an impostor, a front, because he *is* fronting for something—for the values of our own times. He's today's culture hero, an utter schlemiel, a man whose heroism lies precisely in the fact that he has no talent, no courage, nothing. He is,

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once again, Camus's stranger without the irony. The reason we can no longer take seriously the ideological wars of the fifties is that it's apparent to us that the institutions which waged them were all corrupt, no matter which side they were on. Howard Prince in *The Front*, indeed Woody Allen in general, embodies this disbelief of ours.

Knowing what we do today, we can see that there was only one thing to be then, the thing Woody always is: a loser. Only losers are redeemed in our eyes since only they, by virtue of their exclusion, can be free from guilt. This is a quality Howard in *The Front* shares with Max in *Network*. Max is also our boy, our hero, because he gets fired from his job and never can do anything about it. Finally, giving us the ultimate high sign such heroism can have, he loses interest in trying to do anything about it.

This is essentially what Howard does when he appears before HUAC. The writers Howard fronts for, who really do have talent, could never be the heroes of this film. The best of them (Michael Murphy) ends up in the hospital with an ulcer, thus proving that talent and success, even surreptitious success, are corrupting. Where the real writer gets an ulcer, Howard gets the girl. Once Howard has admitted to Florence that he's a front, she can love him again, not because he has told the truth but because he has revealed himself to be a nudnik. In like manner, when he at last refuses to testify before HUAC, Howard becomes heroic not because he has stood up to the Committee, but because he has turned his back on TV, success, etc. Thereby freed from all accomplishments and ambitions, he becomes someone worthy of Florence's love (and someone lovable).

Having passed through assorted trials by fire, and perished, Howard is a man Florence can accept for himself—or rather, his non-self—as he's carted off helplessly to jail. Howard's submissiveness at this moment is a fitting image for the political wisdom our movies so often contain. To be a popular art in this country, art must be safe. It must be soothing rather than inciting. It must teach passivity rather than political action. Its message must be, as in *The Front*, that the only possible heroism is to take it in the neck.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

BOOKS

Critics' Choices for Christmas

EDWIN DIAMOND

The Book of the Year was not widely reviewed and never made it to any of the major best seller lists. President-elect Jimmy Carter's autobiographical *Why Not The Best?* (Broadman, $1.95) did sell over two million copies —about his margin of victory in the popular vote, if you like to play with numbers—but these sales have been primarily in paperback outlets, religious bookstores and student co-ops (where some of us put it on the required reading lists in political science courses). Still, it is apparent that most of the voters, and many of the political commentators, managed to miss Carter's message to America. Why else all the public noise about "Jimmy Who?" and "Jimmy What?" Why else all the press chatter that the candidate was "fuzzy on the issues" or a "flip flopper" on major policies?

Carter spells it all out, his life, his hopes and dreams for the country and himself, in *Why Not?* The words are his own, or so he told Professor Bruce Mazlish and me when we interviewed him in Plains last August—and we know he would never lie to us (besides he also told us he had saved all the pages of the mss. if proof were needed of their authorship).

Why Not? is a remarkable story right from the start. The title itself comes from an interview that naval officer Carter had with the "atomic admiral," Hyman Rickover. Carter is applying for duty in the nuclear-powered submarine program and the crusty "Old Man," Rickover, asks him where he finished in his class at Annapolis. As it happens, Carter finished 59 in a class of 820. But Rickover asks Carter if he did his best. Carter answers, honestly, not always. And Rickover says why not? Since that time, more than 25 years ago, Carter tells us, he became determined to do his best at all times. Don't say that the electorate hasn't been warned. Jimmy Carter is going to work hard at being a full-time president for all the people.

Twice before in recent times, presidential hopefuls have put their names on books to tell us something about themselves. But John F. Kennedy's *Profiles in Courage* was really an abstract biographical exercise—and mostly ghost-written at that. Richard M. Nixon's *Six Crises*, it is true, did contain brief clues to the real Richard Nixon. But it took Watergate, the White House tapes and that incredible farewell speech on that August morning in 1974 to confirm what some of us had suspected since Helen Gahagan Douglas and Checkers— a tormented, driven soul agonized underneath the many successive masks of the "new" Nixon.

Carter has chosen to open his psyche to scrutiny at a time when social scientists have been trying to develop fresh ways of understanding public figures. *What kind of people are these candi-*

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dates anyway? Richard Nixon—and Lyndon Johnson—taught us the importance of such inquiries. Professor Mazlish is a practitioner of the new art of psychohistory, and he and I were interviewing Carter for a biography-in-depth that would use, among other insights, the ideas of Freud and Erikson to help us understand the roots of adult behavior. A number of otherwise level-headed and intelligent people get very tight—"hostile" Mazlish might say—when they hear about psychohistory. But not candidate Carter. As we left his study, Doris Kearns, the author of the new psychobiography of Lyndon Johnson, came in for her interview (later she told us that she had eavesdropped on our conversation, just as if she was a little Catholic girl again waiting to go to Confession). A few weeks after Carter had seen his psychohistorians back to back, *Washington Post* reporter William Grieder was at the Carter door asking for—and getting—12-year-old Jimmy's school papers and scrapbooks, navy man Jimmy's diaries and son Jimmy's letters to his mother. It wasn't as if Carter and his advisers were a bunch of quaint provincials unaware of our psychosocial quests. We told him who we were; he had already read Kearns's book and Grieder explained that he would be using the psychological typology of Professor James David Barber (the Active Negative, Active Positive etc. classifications).

Barber's hope was to be able to *predict* presidential performance. Well, many of the clues to the next four years are there in *Why Not the Best?* There is the hovering "liberal" mother, the stern "segregationist" father; the "surround" of Plains and growing up middle class and white where the majority are poor or black; the "born-again" experience that so mystified non-evangelical Christians and Jews—and the messianic Baptist Christianity that appears to frighten still other Christians and Jews. Carter's admirers, and his detractors, can find just about anything here to confirm their feelings: the arrogance, the compassion, the grim efficiency, the down-home humor, the overarching love, the consuming ambition, the highs of victory and the bitter ranklings of defeat (which sent Carter into a severe state of depression at—yes—just about the time he had turned forty). Jimmy Carter has written it all down.

It should have been the book of the year. But it will certainly be the book of *next* year—a sketch, like some dream of premonition, for the Carter presidency. Go out, buy it, read it, think about it—and then turn on the evening news for the next episodes.

HARVEY FIRESIDE

At a holiday season that commemorates a family's search for shelter, the tragedy of exile is an especially apt subject for contemplation. Homelessness is a feeling generally alien to the members of our restless society whose lives revolve around their automobiles, with rest stops at motels and replenishment at shopping centers. "You can't go home again" spells an adolescent declaration of independence rather than a dread sentence of banishment.

Nostalgia for the world of our fathers tends to become the occasion for an indulgence in self-pity at the hollowness of our existence or a longing for a romanticized past. It is a pale copy of the genuine terror that grips the solitary Soviet artist who refuses to march with the masses toward a materialistic, if egalitarian, future. Such an exile assumes a tragic dimension as he reflects the dilemma of modern man torn between the demands of public roles and private truths.

This existential predicament inspires the vision of literary giants, such as Alexander Solzhenitsyn and Andrei Sinyavsky, whose works from days of internal exile have, now that their authors are physically uprooted from their homeland, become accessible in translation to western readers. Solzhenitsyn towers like a rocky crag, removed from the esthetic concerns of contemporary literature. He is an elemental force, to be reckoned with even in its failures.

Lenin in Zurich (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $8.95) was stitched together by Solzhenitsyn from his incomplete trilogy of Russia during World War I. He compensates for the fractured text by a passion that infuses this portrait of the monomaniac Bolshevik, ready to sacrifice love, friendship and ethical scruples for his revolutionary triumph. The irony of Lenin, the agent of foreign ideas and subvention, unloosening chaos on Russia is counterpointed by Solzhenitsyn retracing the path of Swiss exile yet seeking to establish himself as the true patriot who can exorcise a nation bewitched by Lenin.

While Solzhenitsyn disturbs us by his polemical revision of history, Sinyavsky deliberately avoids politics in the journals of his six years in a prison camp to leave us with a sense of wonder at an artist's ability to transmute suffering into self-knowledge. *A Voice from the Chorus* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux $10) lends itself to a variety of readings: a chronicle of physical mortification to test newfound faith, a brilliant critic's commentary on world literature as a survival manual, and a linguistic analysis of the banalities and deception that comfort the more common criminals.

Sinyavsky's chronicle of internal exile is, finally, a tour de force demonstrating the author's esthetic of fantasy as a more adequate response to the mindless horrors of our age than was the realism still constricting the scope of Solzhenitsyn. Sinyavsky reappears as one of the contributors, virtually all East European exiles, to an anthology from the quarterly *Kontinent* (Doubleday, $3.95). His essay on Russian literature opens with the symbolic figure of Anatoly Kuznetsov sealing manuscripts that have no hope of publication in glass jars, to bury them in his garden like so many time bombs.

Stories, poems and other essays plunge us into a debate on Russia's future that pits the atavistic Solzhenitsyn against the modernist Andrei Sakharov. The regime's perverse im-

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pulse to stifle that sort of dialogue while dangling the lure of improved relations before the West is the intriguing subject of Frederick Barghoorn's *Détente and the Democratic Movement in the USSR* (Free Press, $12.95). We may sympathize with the intrepid spirits whose platforms are presented here without sharing the author's optimism that they have a chance to affect policy.

The course of disillusionment is described by Telford Taylor, former U.S. prosecutor at the Nuremberg Trials, who challenged his old Soviet contacts to live up to their better natures by pointing out to them procedural errors in the trials of Jews convicted while trying to emigrate to Israel. In *Courts of Terror* (Vintage, $1.95), Taylor supplies up with memorable accounts of brave people caught in the toils of an inhuman system, strangers in their own land.

That their judges turned a deaf ear to appeals drafted by American attorneys is not as shocking as it seems to Taylor when one recalls how easily the Weimar judiciary yielded to the New Order. That professionals in the healing arts are no more immune to the temptation to sell out is part of the same sad story, placed in a Russian setting by *The Case of Leonid Plyushch* (Westview Press, $10.95). Plyushch is the Ukrainian mathematician who jeopardized a brilliant career in cybernetics to protest Soviet repression of fellow dissidents.

His attempt to take Marxist promises of justice literally caused him to be diagnosed mentally ill. The agonies of his four years in prison and psychiatric torture chambers are documented in this moving work edited by Tatiana Khodorovich. Like Sinyavsky now an exile in Paris, Plyushch continues his fight to restore sanity to a world dominated by those whom the lust for power has made truly mad.

Plyushch, Solzhenitsyn, Sinyavsky, Jewish and Christian "activists"—these are the exiles who point the way to our spiritual home this season.

MICHAEL McCAULEY

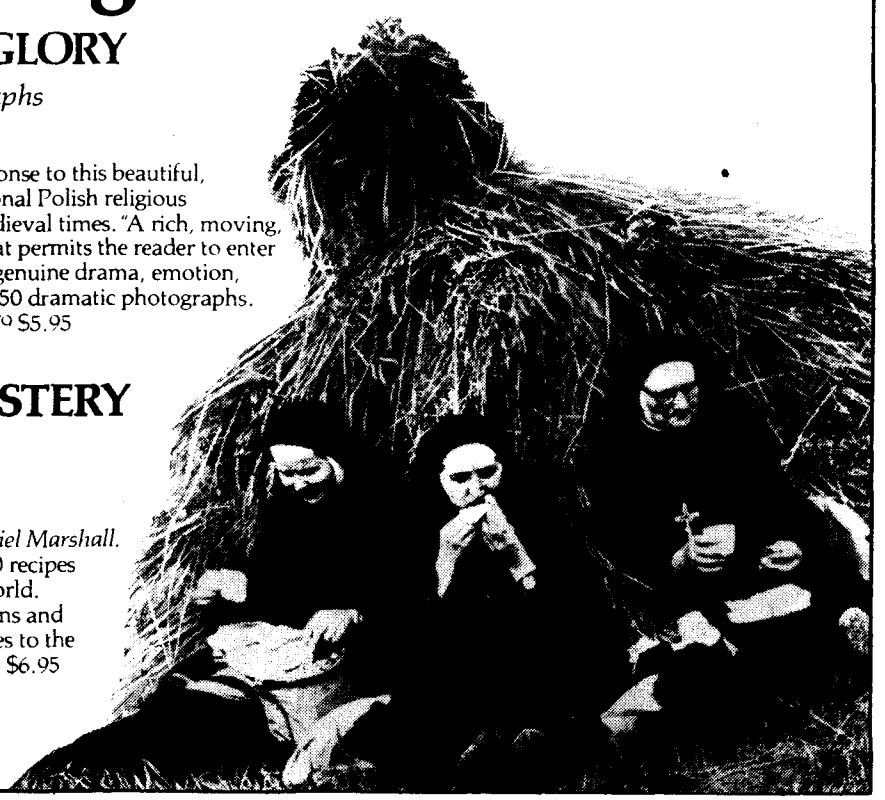
To suggest books for Christmas gift-giving is risky at best. The temptation is to recommend certain titles for specific personalities on one's shopping list—*ideal* for the family feminist, *especially suited* to the collegiate mystic, *just right* for the bachelor uncle, etc. But to save myself numerous letters from angry or embarrassed book-givers whose relatives hated their presents—and said so immediately—I will just mention a handful of my personal favorites from which readers may freely make their own selections.

Certainly the most important theological work of the year is Swiss theologian Hans Küng's monumental *On Being A Christian* (Doubleday, $12.95). What can be described as a modern-day *Summa*, Father Küng's imposing (720 pages) and exhuastive examination concentrates on discovering what is permanent in the midst of undeni-

"Simply magnificent..."*

JOURNEYS TO GLORY
Adam Bujak, *Photographs*
Marjorie Young, *Text*

That's one advance reader's response to this beautiful, soul-stirring portrayal of traditional Polish religious celebrations, some dating to medieval times. "A rich, moving, and extremely sensitive work that permits the reader to enter a little-known world filled with genuine drama, emotion, and meaning."—*Mircea Eliade.** 150 dramatic photographs. Gift format $15.00; paper RD 170 $5.95



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able upheaval in doctrine, morality and church discipline. Assessing the sweeping impact on belief of other world religions—particularly Eastern forms—as well as the challenge of humanism, science, technology and political revolution, Küng points up the continuing vitality and uniqueness of the Christian tradition centered on a passionate, dynamic belief in Jesus.

On Being A Christian comes at a time when it is increasingly imperative for us to appreciate what it means to *be* a Christian today. This is classic Küng—not the radical firebrand of legend but, in the words of a Notre Dame University theologian, "the last great conservative to shore up the foundations of orthodoxy." There is in these pages so profound and deeply personal a witness that *On Being A Christian* transcends the arid scholarly treatise of not a few theologians. This is one of those rare books you will want to receive as well as give to others.

Priest-sociologist Andrew Greeley's modest book, *The Great Mysteries* (Seabury, $3.95, paper), is a deliberately short, preeminently practical, "essential catechism." As a tentative summary of basic principles it is a return to the core of apostolic preaching—a sharing of twelve "images" or "mysteries" traditionally associated with the Easter experience of faith—rather than a compendium of elaborate arguments in the scholastic tradition. What is essential to faith is an appreciation of the importance of such mysteries as God, Jesus, the Spirit, the Cross and Resurrection, Salvation, Grace, Eucharist, Church, Baptism, Mary, Heaven, and the Return of Jesus. Enhanced by a guide for discussion and personal meditation—several questions for each chapter—*The Great Mysteries* is original, helpful and refreshingly unlike other catechisms.

That the history of Christianity can be lucidly surveyed in a single, comprehensive volume of 556 pages is no small accomplishment. To Paul Johnson's credit, *A History of Christianity* (Atheneum, $13.95) neither skimps on significant details nor wallows in scholarly fussiness. Johnson provides a panoramic overview of events which have shaped our twentieth century Western lifestyle far more than we realize.

Particularly compelling is Johnson's chapter on the Reformation/Counter-Reformation debacle of popes, protesters, princes, Jesuits and inquisitions—both Roman Catholic and otherwise. Highlighting the major confrontations, Johnson graphically conjures the heady atmosphere of Renaissance Europe engaged not only in New Learning and reformed Christianity, but also being torn apart as medieval Roman Catholic hierarchies reluctantly yield to a more egalitarian society. Ironically, had a council been called a mere twenty years before Trent, bloodshed, burning and doctrinal discord could have been checked if not eliminated.

For economy of style combined with a sympathetic understanding of the nearly 2000 years of Christianity's conflicts as well as its glorious achievements, Johnson's *History* is exceptional.

Since I decided not to suggest particular titles for special friends or relatives, Edward Wakin's *Enter the Irish-American* (Crowell, $9.95) is recommended not only for ethnics. It is included because it makes fascinating, enjoyable reading. Wakin has recaptured—largely through firsthand accounts—the story of more than 4.25 million Irish immigrants who arrived between the Great Famine of the late 1840s and the start of the Roaring Twenties. Utilizing contemporary letters, diaries, newspapers and magazines, Wakin details the degradation which forced so many to emigrate as well as the rancor and discrimination that greeted them on these democratic shores. Riotous and outrageous as were no other immigrants—not once but twice bands of Irish invaded Canada from U.S. soil to free Ireland—the Irish have nevertheless successfully capitalized on their ethnic identity, persuading the entire country to wear green every March 17. Tough-minded big city politicians and powerful prelates, railroad builders and rowdy miners, women in domestic service and religious life—all are here represented telling, in Wakin's words, "one hell of a story."

National Book Award-winning author and historian Martin E. Marty's *A Nation of Behavers* (University of Chicago Press, $8.95) is a characteristically perceptive new map of American religion. We Americans are more than Lyndon Johnson's "nation of believers"; we have become a people distinguished, one from another, by our social behavior. Marty's years of astute observation of America's religious trends and de-

To ask the meaning of death is, in an indirect way, to ask the meaning of life.

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velopments have yielded six informal but clearly defined clusters around which people attempt to find not only basic group identity but also some kind of power. Anyone concerned about belief and its manifestations will be immensely aided by Marty's cogent comments on recent religious happenings.

In closing, a few other books are noteworthy. A musn't miss is Tom McHale's *School Spirit* (Doubleday, $7.95). A weird tale revolving around an avenging angel in the person of a prep school football coach, this powerful, ironic, black-humor novel is hilarious—and not a little disturbing. *Francis of Assisi* by Anthony Mockler (Dutton, $9.95) is a serious, well-researched new biography which contrasts the complex and disquieting Francis against the tumultuous Europe of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. What emerges is an altogether new understanding of this eternally popular saint. Sumptuous in every detail is *Stained Glass* by Lawrence Lee and Francis Stephens (Crown, $35.00). An impressive text, explaining technique and providing a history of the art (from the Middle Ages to the present), is brilliantly enhanced by almost 500 lush, full-color photographs. A visual feast of color and light embracing the world's best stained glass, this oversized gem is especially appropriate at Christmas.

PHILIP NOBILE

I am an inordinately jaded reader, a burnt-out literary case. As a freelance writer, I am condemned to keep up with several media. Although the printed word occupies most of my attention, even here I perforce divide myself among newspapers, magazines and lastly books. I confess this order with a heavy heart. But the economy of my crowded life disallows the incontinence of my grad school days in Europe where a light class schedule and the wonder of birth control permitted hours of uninterrupted book reading of the most profligate kind. Now a volume must be sinfully good before I'll consider it. And then it has to have that extra kick to retain my interest. By the time I'm finished with a book, it's a semi-classic at least.

For example, *The Alice Crimmins Case* (Knopf, $8.95) by *Newsday* reporter Kenneth Gross is the finest crime story I have ever come across. The author persuasively proves that Alice Crimmins, a swinging young mother sensationally tried for murdering her two young children in 1965, was really convicted for her fallen-away lifestyle by conservative Catholic police and prosecutors in Queens, New York.

Since I am partial to legend-busting, I was much impressed by Joan and Clay Blair's *The Search for J.F.K.* (Putnam's, $12.95), a much neglected but important correction of John Kennedy iconography. The Blairs expose the coverup of the PT 109 fiasco, the consistently denied Addison's disease, etc.

Anthony Scaduto's *Scapegoat: The Lonesome Death of Bruno Richard Hauptmann* (Putnam's, $12.50) performs a similar revamping of history. By digging into old police and FBI files, Scaduto has unearthed evidence indicating that Hauptmann, the German immigrant who went to the electric chair in 1936 for the kidnap murder of the Lindbergh baby, was framed.

John Chabot Smith attempts revisionary rescue in *Alger Hiss: The True Story* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $15). Although Smith fails to bring it off, his splendid book is a *sine qua non* for Cold War watchers like myself.

A Prince of Our Disorder (Little, Brown, $15), a psychobiography of T. E. Lawrence by Dr. John Mack of Harvard Medical School, is a masterpiece of its type.

Despite the marvels of the aforementioned only four books totally transported me last year. *The Final Days* (Simon and Schuster, $10) almost made a fifth but Woodstein's calendar-style reportage told me more than I wanted to know about Fred Buzardt's backstairs shuffle. John Dean's *Blind Ambition* (Simon and Schuster, $10), however, never lets up. It is a succession of "good parts," and easily the most valuable work on the entire Watergate shelf.

Francine Gray does not need another testimonial to her autobiographical novel *Lovers and Tyrants* (Simon and Schuster, $8.95) but I offer it anyway. This immensely gifted woman, remembered in these quarters for her Catholic leftist portraits in *Divine Disobedience*, is one of our language's major stylists and therefore must be read. (Incidentally, these last three S & S products were all edited by the redoubtable Alice Mayhew, once a frequent contributer to this magazine.)

I thought there was nothing to be added to Hitler literature until I read John Toland's biography, *Adolf Hitler* (Doubleday, $14.95), a dazzling project full of new and surprising material.

In closing, let me extravagently praise Dr. C. A. Tripp's *The Homosexual Matrix* (McGraw Hill, $10), the most remarkable book on sex I have heretofore read. This former Kinsey associate lucidly explains everything you (I) always misunderstood about inversion. Several chapters are worth the price of admission. I especially recommend "The Origins of Heterosexuality" and "The Politics of Homosexuality." No self-respecting heterosexual should miss this classic.

ROBERT PHILLIPS

Since fiction and non-fiction invariably receive more critical attention throughout the year, I'll review several recent volumes of poetry which have given me pleasure and which, at the time of this writing, have not received their share of reviews.

James Dickey's best poems have been his longest ("Falling," "May Day Sermon to the Women of Gilmer County") and in *The Zodiac* (Doubleday, $6), Dickey gives us a 53-page poem which ranks with his most impressive. In twelve parts, *The Zodiac* is based upon the life and poetical leavings of one Hendrik Marsman, sailor killed by a torpedo in the North Atlantic in 1940. Dickey does not tell

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us, in his prefactory note or in the poem itself, how he came by Marsman's poem of the same title, which Dickey claims to have remade until it is totally his own.

Marsman (the name seems strangely prophetic) lived more in space than on earth. Much of the time he was either drunk or spacedout. In muscular and mystical lines, Dickey recreates the sailor's lifetime failure in love and creativity, his descent into madness as his imagination ascends to the stars. The poem's finest section (II) dramatizes the sailor's hallucinatory fear of claws—at once a lobster's and Cancer's. Marsman moves among the stars, mad "with connecting and joining things that lay their meanings." Through a study of the star's stupefying designs, he (and Dickey) explores life's mysteries. The poem demands several readings. Its coarse, bawdy language is deceptively plain. Yet in these few pages Dickey explores the universes of light and love.

Charles Philbrick is a poet who also turns to historical documents to inspire and inform some of his best poetry. During his lifetime he published three collections. (The last, *Voyages Down*, appeared in 1967.) Philbrick died in 1971, and his widow has arranged *Nobody Laughs, Nobody Cries* (The Smith, distributed by Horizon Press, $6.50), a generous posthumous collection of unpublished poems.

Darwin, Dickinson, Melville, Whitman, Rocky Marciano and Winfield Townley Scott are a few of the historical personages who inhabit these pages. Some of the poems are quite long. The last, "A Travail Past" (inexplicably omitted from the book's Table of Contents) is a 17-page narrative based on the fate of the sailors aboard the whaling ship Essex. It reads with all the suspense of a good horror story. Yet I prefer Philbrick's shorter lyrics, many of which are quite fresh and never trivial with the exception of the "sound" poem "Pre-Solstice Catalogue," which reads as if written for just plain fun. Among the best shorter poems are "Impromptu," "Still Life: Seashore" (with its incredibly gifted last line), "Holding Things Together," and "Plaque for a Brass Bed," which I'd quote in full if space permitted.

Philip Appleman is less well known than Dickey, though other poets have known and admired his work for years. His latest collection, *Open Doorways* (W. W. Norton, $2.95) demonstrates real growth and an admirable dedication to craft. The title is significant: the book reveals an openness to experience, to travel, to history. A predominant theme is nostalgia or regret —a longing for a time before cement covered everything, for sounds of train whistles moaning in the dark. Yet the tone is not soft. Appleman's language is as tough as many of his subjects which, in "Alive," includes a painful plea for mercy killings of the likes of his Uncle Jimmie, who became "whittled down like a dry stick, but living: the heart, in its maze of tubes, pumps on." Appleman's accomplished new collection is a big book, as poetry books go—88 pages. And it is diverse —poems on love, war, ecology, identity. I hope it brings him the greater recognition he has earned.

Howard Moss's eight previous collections have been intense, intelligent, and lyrical. *A Swim Off the Rocks* (Atheneum, $4.95) reveals Moss to be a master of light verse as well. I cannot remember when I had a better time reading poetry. That Moss has a wicked sense of humor goes without saying. But part of the pleasure comes from his skillful use of unexpected rhymes, such as "Body salty-white, she stares back at the shore, a/Lot like Lot's wife in Sodom and Gomorrah." It is also a pleasure observing Moss flex his muscles in classical forms (there are even three double dactyls).

Ultimately these works of "light verse," like much of Auden's, lodge in the mind long after one might have expected to forget them. The reason is Moss's acute psychological acumen. His satirical targets are nothing less than all human frailties, and his surprising conclusions shock us with recognition, as when his Hansel turns on Gretel to proclaim: "You ungrateful bitch:/I wasted my life on our stupid legend/When my one and only love was the dead witch."

Finally there is Robert Lowell's *Selected Poems* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $12.50), an admirable distillation, more than two hundred poems taken from Lowell's previous eight collections. (I regret that he chose to include nothing from the ninth, his *Imitations*, in all probability regarding those works as translations, rather than the Lowellian re-creations which they surely are. While certain linguists may discredit their veracity to the originals, lovers of Lowell's work recognize in them some of his truest poetry.)

It would be presumptuous to pretend to "review" this book, representing Lowell's lifework, in this brief space. I can only say that the sequences Lowell has created within this volume help clarify his intentions, and that *Selected Poems* seems to me the volume with which all readers new to Lowell should begin.

GERARD REEDY

Three rocky islands twenty-six miles from Galway city, Catholic homosexual morality, Jesuit history, the influence of St. Augustine on George Herbert, and anthropophagy in the Andes—a 1976 miscellany of reading matter if there ever was one.

Before, during, and after my October excursion to the Aran Islands, I read John Millington Synge's *The Aran Islands* (in *Works*, Random House, $10.95), published in 1907 after Synge had spent several summers on the islands. Don't believe the cynics! The islands still are rocky outposts of fishermen, servants to sea and wind, as Synge describes. Besides being a collection of folk tales, many curiously morbid, Synge's work is also about himself, his attempts to experience man and nature and his dissatisfaction when he cannot feel deeply enough. He is a kind of Wordsworth, 100 years too late; he is also like us, in a suspicion that primitive life has a healing mystery to offer, from which technology and sophistication have cut us off.

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Having read about *The Church and the Homosexual* by John McNeill, S.J. (Sheed Andrews and McMeel, $10) in several European papers, I went down to the Paraclete Book Shop and bought a copy on my return home. In place of the stridency and liberation-rhetoric I had been led to expect, I found an honest, self-effacing voice speaking of a problem—the morality of homosexuality—about which all thinking Christians now must make up their minds. McNeill asks not for toleration but for moral and intellectual decision. His assembly of data from Scripture studies, psychology, and moral technology will bother specialists and laymen alike; few would have had the courage and sense to assemble such an argument from such varied sources. This is a brave and good book which shatters bad myths. "The only ideals involved in all questions of sexual orientation," writes McNeill, "are the great transcendent questions of justice and love."

While reading McNeill, I was also moving through *An Introduction to Jesuit Life*, by Thomas H. Clancy, S.J. (Institute of Jesuit Sources, $5.50). Clancy's St. Ignatius hardly had McNeill in mind; McNeill's work still seems to be the sort of intellectual wedge into history which Clancy highlights in Jesuits of the past. Although Clancy writes for Jesuit novices and tional, apostolic, and intellectual histional , apostolic, and intellectual history will also fascinate the non-Jesuit. The last thirty years have seen a rapid growth of first-rate scholarly writing on the Society of Jesus. Clancy is in command of this literature and communicates it clearly and efficiently.

Regular readers of *Commonweal* may be surprised that Mark Taylor, its columnist on contemporary literature, is also a practicing, seventeenth-century specialist. His *The Soul in Paraphrase: George Herbert's Poetics* (Mouton, $9.50) deals with, among other things, the Augustinian background. By outlining a few Augustinian models for Herbert's theory of art, Taylor gives us an excellent entry into a wide range of poems. His informed monograph solidly corrects that secular body of

Inspirations for holiday giving

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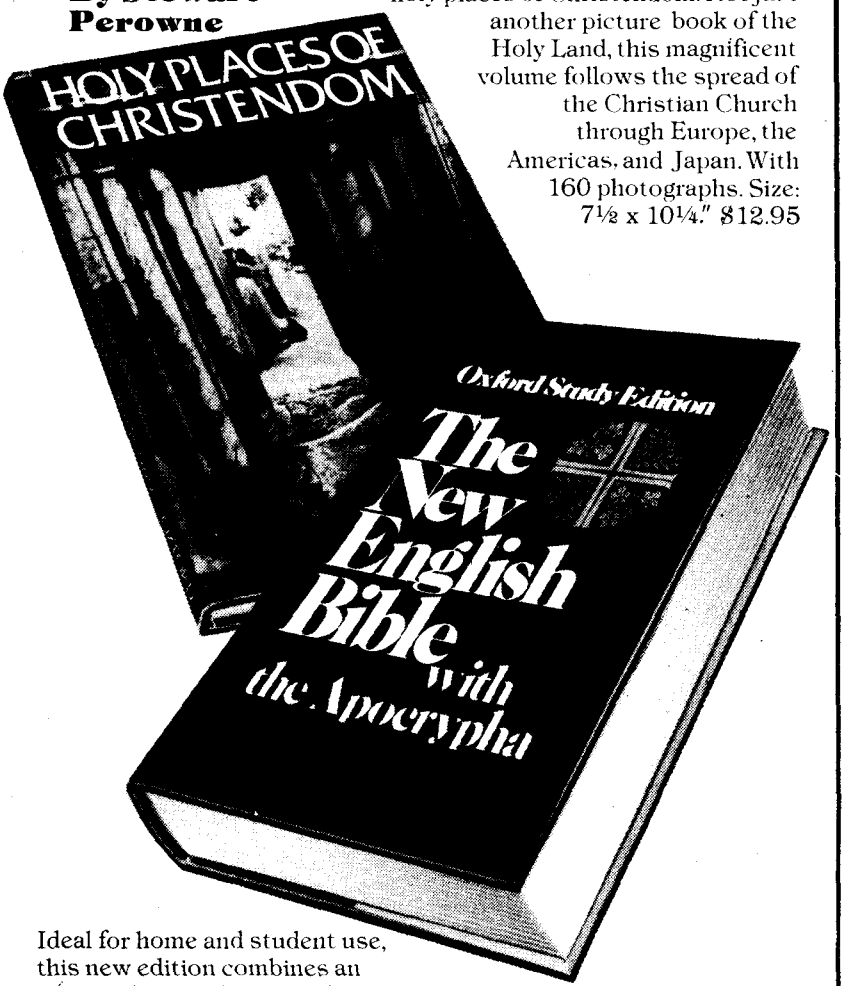

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THE NEW ENGLISH BIBLE WITH THE APOCRYPHA: Oxford Study Edition

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Herbertian criticism which still refuses to get beyond the rhetoric to the tradition. Although Taylor pays close attention to style, his distinct and irrefutable contribution is to raise the reader's eyes once again to the larger Christian history which Herbert integrated into his art.

Only four years ago this Christmas, a group of sixteen Uruguayans were reunited with their families after seventy days of isolation in the wreck of their plane in the Andes. During this isolation, as is well known, the sixteen survived by eating the flesh of their dead comrades. The understated title of Piers Paul Read's *Alive* (Avon, $1.95) reveals his approach to the story. The central anthropophagous act becomes less the center of his and our attention than the interaction of the survivors. Their theological explanations of what they did and why God let them survive are extremely interesting and diverse.

I used this book twice in class in 1976. My students, the same age as the survivors, were their best and most sympathetic critics. For young and old, *Alive* is a classic tale of moral choice which forces each reader to meditate anew on providence, survival, and the way we rationalize our own decisions.

ROBERT L. WILKEN

My reading of recently published works is haphazard and unsystematic because I spend most of my time reading old books written 1500 to 2000 years ago. But as I looked back over the books I read in the last year, several came to mind grouped around two themes: biography and national destiny. The latter is predictable in a bicentennial year, but the former was fortuitous.

I am not an enthusiast of the present fad for "narrative theology," and this may be the reason I missed James McClendon's *Biography as Theology* (Abingdon, $4.95) when it first appeared a year or so ago. But the publication of another work by McClendon (with James M. Smith) this year, *Understanding Religious Convictions* (Notre Dame, $4.95) drew my interest. *Biography as Theology* is a study of four modern Christian lives: Dag Hammarskjold, Martin Luther King, Clarence Jordan, and Charles Ives. Hammarskjold and King have often been discussed because of their extraordinary witness, but Clarence Jordan, the founder of Koinonia Farm, an experimental missionary community in southern Georgia (not far from Plains) and Charles Ives the famous nineteenth century American composer are striking and unusual choices, a mark of McClendon's sensitivity ta the variety of Christian experience as well as insightful studies in the art of Christian sainthood, but McClendon has a point to make. He is sharply critical of the tendency of Christian ethical thinkers to reduce Christian ethics to the act of decision as well as the pervasive stress on the individual. He lifts up the notion of an "ethics of character" and a "theology of character" to stress the place of the individual in community and the formative influence of Christian experience, the Scriptures and views of the atonement. All in all it is a thoughtful and intelligent work, and it includes a brief appendix on the role of the saints in Christian piety, an unlikely, but not impossible subject for a Southern Baptist like McClendon.

The other study in biography is the splendid new book by J.N.D. Kelly, *Jerome, His Life, Writing, and Controveries* (Harper and Row, $15.00). Jerome, a much less attractive figure than Martin Luther King or Charles Ives, is nevertheless a marvelous character for a biography. He lived long, traveled all over the ancient world, knew everyone there was to know, fought with friends and enemies, enjoyed the generosity of wealthy Roman ladies, carried on a vast correspondence. He was also self-centered, irascible, pedantic and petty. Yet he was deeply part of the world he inhabited and Kelly's learned and well-written account of his life is a trustworthy and fascinating guide to the life and manners of Christians when Christianity was beginning to settle down to life in the world.

It is becoming a truism to call attention to the religous roots of the American experiment, but it was in reading a study in Jewish history alongside of a work on the Puritans that the idea came to clearer focus. The two works are David Vital's, *The Origins of Zionism* (Oxford, $22.00) and Sacvan Bercovitch's, *The Puritan Origins of the American Self* (Yale, $15.00). Each work in its own way illustrates how among the Jews and the Puritans the primary locus for religious values is not in the religious community, in the synagogue or church, but in the national community, in the people. Vital shows that Zionism is not so much an ideology as it is an attempt to reshape the social, economic and political life of the Jews in response to the situation Jews faced in the late nineteenth century. Zionism gave to the people a sense of national destiny.

Bercovitch's book is an extended commentary on Cotton Mather's Life of John Winthrop, a work he subtitled *Nehemias Americanus*, The American Nehemiah. Nehemiah was a Jewish cupbearer at the court of the Persian king Artaxerxes and he led his people back to Jerusalem, rebuilt the temple, and re-established the state. John Winthrop, let it be remembered, was like Nehemiah, not a clergyman, but a governor, and it was on him, and the community he ruled, that God's promise rested. Quoting Josephus's words about Nehemiah over John Winthrop Mather concludes. "By nature he was a good and just man, and most zealous for the glory of his countrymen; he left behind for them an eternal memorial—the walls of New England."

THE CATHOLIC BIBLICAL ASSOCIATION will issue a new periodical, *Old Testament Abstracts*, to survey current literature in the Old Testament field. The Editor will be Bruce Vawter, C.M., with Patrick W. Shehan and Alexander A. Di Lella, O.F.M., among the Associate Editors. It will appear three times a year beginning in 1978. Subscriptions $11 a year: OLD TESTAMENT ABSTRACTS, Catholic Biblical Association, Catholic University, Washington, DC 20064.

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WHAT COMMITTEE HATH WROUGHT . . .

JOHN A. MILES, JR.

The English Bible, 1534-1859

PETER LEVI

Eerdmans, $6.95

Recalling that our word *Bible* is a Greek plural become an English singular, we may wonder less that the Authorized or King James Version of the Bible is "the only masterpiece ever produced by a committee." We might in fact almost expect that what a committee wrote a committee could translate. And though it is an oversimplification to refer to the Bible, a collection written in three languages over a thousand years, as *a* masterpiece or to its dozens of authors as a committee, it is nearly as great an oversimplification to refer in the same terms to a translation that was in progress for a century. The passion of prophets, the anxiety of editors, the irascibility of scholars, and the pride of kings all contended for the translation even as, two thousand years earlier, they had contended for the original; and no one of the contenders was ever conclusively routed. On the contrary, the history of Bible translation, like the history of Bible composition, seems to suggest that a masterpiece of this baffling sort can *only* be produced by committee.

In an era when each scholar, though he be practiced in no style but the learned, holds it a point of honor to produce unaided his own Bible translation, Peter Levi's collection of sample passages from translations written between 1534 (Tyndale) and 1859 (Barnes) is a book to conjure by. Each of the fourteen translations is briefly introduced, and the volume itself has an historical introduction in which Levi explains his purpose as follows:

"The most modern English versions are none of them convincing on the level of language; I find this morally and intellectually confusing, since I find it means I am incapable of taking seriously anything that they say. Since I cannot think that I am unique in this experience, I am forced to regard the new versions as ill-judged, and their imposition as an act of folly. I am clear that the principles of English style are a moral matter, not just a question of taste. Reticence, clarity and sobriety, strength and simplicity, logical coherence and a decent habit of speech have their foundations in moral sensibility. The modern English Bibles are written in the language, or the non-language, of a class, and of a class that has no authority in spoken English. . . .

"Today we have been cut off by our society from the roots of a lively and traditional language; what is being created now as an English language is still inchoate and obscure, nor do we know whether any work of epic authority as language can ever be created in it again. But a study of early versions of the Bible gives one some reason to hope, since it appears that the proper virtues of the language have not altered so very much even now, but have simply been disregarded. . . . The nineteenth-century revisers of the Authorized Version found frequent passages where Tyndale's version of 1534 seemed preferable in 1880 to what King James' committee had substituted for it in 1611. I could hope for no better fate for this small anthology of versions than that it should suggest something similar if radical work ever begins again on an English Bible (12-13)."

The best translators, then, like the best writers, have been borrowers and shameless thieves. The very King James Version itself may almost be read as a collation of the several translations that immediately preceded it. Levi does well to remind us of all this, and yet we must doubt whether any new translation will ever attain the eminence he admires in past translations.

There is, to begin with, the question of epic style. Levi writes: ". . . The English Bible is . . . the almost complete embodiment of the English

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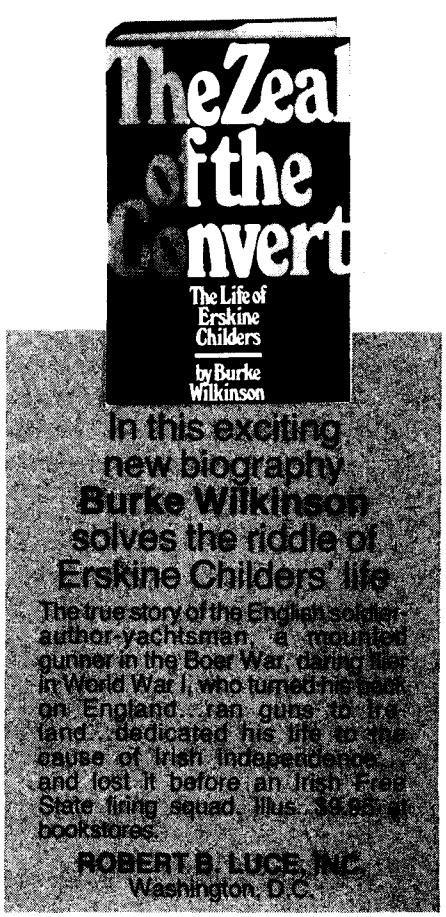
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In quoting so liberally from so many sources, Lasky captures the historic immediacy of those fateful points in human affairs when the vision of a perfect society meets the movement toward violent social change.

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language, second only perhaps to the works of Shakespeare. In its range and in the use we have made of it, one could say it was an epic; there is no other English national epic."

The same point has been made more recently by Northrop Frye in *The Secular Scripture, A Study of Romance* (Harvard, 1976). Frye writes: "Our tradition has given the Bible, as the epic in which God is the hero, the central place" (p. 81). Both writers compare the role of the English Bible in English literature to that of Homer in Greek literature and conclude, in effect, that Eliot was wrong: the English language does have a classic—a borrowed, translated classic. But if this classic, this unique English Bible, is an epic, can it be re-translated? As the subtitle of Frye's book suggests, the epic in which God is the hero has been largely replaced by a romance in which autonomous Man is the hero; and even those who might regret the replacement may be so infected with romantic sensibility that, try as they might, they cannot keep it out of their writing. Of course, as Michel Foucault writes, ". . . man is an invention of recent date. And one perhaps nearing its end." The romantic sensibility may die, and an epic language may be reborn; but this death and rebirth must be a sociocultural transformation beyond anything that a translator could aspire to. Translation follows language more than it leads it.

In any event, a second, more practical obstacle stands before "radical work" in Bible translation; namely, the unlikelihood that any English translation of the Bible will ever again be imposed. There may be something parochially English in the expectation that some one translation should be judged best and then universally employed. No French translation, to name only one other linguistic community, has ever achieved that status. More important, however, is the fact that the very criterion by which the Authorized Version was judged to have been imposed in the English-speaking world is increasingly inoperative. It was the vitality of the sermon as a form of literature spoken in church and collected for use at home that provided the clearest measure of that imposition. Nowadays, even where the church is strong, the scriptural homily may not be; and this is true even where interest in the Bible is high. Tyndale's boast that "If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough shall know more of the Scripture than thou dost" has been realized in the dissemination of cheap Bible study aids that, in good measure, have replaced the preacher. The Bible may still be widely studied, but it is no longer recited, no longer *performed*. It was performance that lent the Authorized Version its unique cachet of amplitude and venerability. Without performance, no new translation, however meritorious, can hope to vanquish its rivals.

This point emerges, in a way, from Levi's own examples, particularly those from the Douai-Rheims version (before the disastrous Challoner revision!) and from the translation of Hugh Broughton, a scholar who greeted the Authorized Version with "a sadness that will grieve me while I breathe, it is so ill done." The Douai-Rheims version was written by Gregory Martin, a classmate of Edmund Campion, in a style Levi calls "wonderfully musical, fresh, and sweet-smelling. . . . Its language is within ten years of the English of the generation of Shakespeare, and this of course is its strength." As for Broughton's translations, a contemporary opinion was that they carried with them "a kind of holy, and happy Fascination, that the serious reader of them is won upon, by a sweet violence." Cf. the following from Broughton's Job:

> Canst thou give to the horse courage? Canst thou clothe his neck with thundering?
>
> Canst thou make him quake as a locust, or his proud snorting with terror?
>
> *His feet will dig in the plain* ground, he rejoiceth in his strongness, he will go forth to meet the harness.
>
> He mocks terror, and shrinketh

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not, neither starteth back from the sword:

Though the quiver rattle upon him, with bright blade, with spear with javelin.

With shaking and stirring he beateth upon the earth, and will not stand still at the voice of the trumpet.

Of the trumpet he will say, Heah, and from afar will smell the battle, the thunder and shout of princes.

If this bold passage has not the better of the Authorized Version, it is at least its match; but it is the Authorized Version that has been performed, and so Broughton is forgotten.

I have known Bible scholars to smile at the memory of Fundamentalists who seemed to think that Jehovah's revelation to Moses had been a copy of the Authorized Version bound in leather and edged in gold. Now, there may never have been a sect quite this naive; but even if there once was, I suspect there is no longer. *The Watchtower*, the magazine of Jehovah's Witnesses, now cites scripture not only by chapter and verse but also by translation; and the Roman Catholic *Jerusalem Bible*, despite its use of "Yahweh" for others' "Jehovah," is among the versions cited. On a railroad fence south of Chicago's Loop, a lengthy citation from Revelations, spray-painted there by Jesus People, is cited in the same way: chapter, verse, and "—Jerusalem Bible." I suspect that English-speaking Bible readers, at least Christian Bible readers, have made a kind of peace with our plethora of translations. Granted that none of these, not even Tyndale Press's *Living Bible*, despite the two million copies it sold in 1974 (largely in dimestores), is felt to be a *common* Bible equal to public reading, the taste for public reading is so nearly dead that the loss is not much felt.

CRITICS

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Blessed Rage for Order

DAVID TRACY

Seabury Press, $12.95

RICHARD P. McBRIEN

This book has already been sufficiently praised, and to some extent, overpraised. Indeed, I contributed to the initial chorus of acclaim in *Commonweal*'s Christmas Books issue last year, referring to it as "perhaps the most significant theological monograph published" that year and "a remarkably substantial synthesis of the contemporary discussion on each of the book's central topics." I should not now want to retreat from that judgment, but some second thoughts about the book's central thesis are in order.

I should suggest, in fact, that *Blessed Rage for Order*, which advocates a revisionist way of doing theology, may be at once too revisionist and not revisionist enough.

It is too revisionist in that it seems to erase the difference between theology and philosophy; and it is not revisionist enough in that it seems to adopt a positivistic understanding of what the author calls "the Christian fact."

"In its briefest expression," Tracy writes, "the revisionist model holds that a contemporary fundamental Christian theology can best be described as a *philosophical* reflection upon the meanings present in common human experience and language, and upon the meanings present in the Christian fact" (p. 43, italics mine).

At first glance, the definition reduces theology to a division of philosophy. Clearly we are some discernible distance from the traditional notion of philosophy as the *ancilla theologiae*. Tracy evidently does not intend to argue that theology collapses into philosophy, but his language can lead the reader to that conclusion.

What would make such "philosophical reflection" theological in any distinctive sense at all? He proposes that the theologian has "by professional and, thereby, ethical commitment" an obligation "to study (his/her) tradition's past and present claims to meaning and truth" (p. 7). But the theologian *qua* theologian need not be a believer. "What he needs," Tracy suggests, "is some adequate pre-understanding of the subject-matter (religion)—a pre-understanding basically present to anyone able to ask the fundamental questions of human existence articulated in religious and theological speech" (p. 36, n. 16).

The theologian, Tracy notes, ordinarily chooses to study his religious tradition's past and present claims to meaning and truth because he has committed himself to a Christian self-understanding (p. 7). "Yet, in principle," he insists, "such commitment need not be the case."

As far as I can determine, Tracy does not explicitly acknowledge how unprecedented his position may be. His judgment about the relationship of faith and theology—at least as that judgment is expressed in the book—is not readily compatible with Augustine, Anselm and Aquinas, for example. Nor is the author in company with such modern figures as Rahner, Schille-

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beeckx, and Lonergan (an estrangement Tracy did acknowledge, with regret, at the 1974 convention of the Catholic Theological Society of America).

In modifying, if not rejecting, the traditional view of the faith/theology relationship, Tracy does not do it complete justice. The word "faith" in the formula "faith seeking understanding" apparently means for him "beliefs (which) serve as warrants for (one's) arguments." But the positing of a necessary prior commitment of faith for the doing of theology does not require that the beliefs emerging from that faith serve as warrants for one's theological arguments. Rather, the formula means that the question of God must be one's *own* question before a consideration of the question can be called "theological."

It is not enough, in other words, for the theologian to have some preunderstanding of the subject-matter (religion). The "fundamental questions of human existence articulated in religious and theological speech" must be the theologian's *own* questions. If the symbol "God" (or its several variants) has no real, personal, experiential meaning for the student of religious and theological speech, then that student must always be an outsider to the formally theological process. A philosopher or sociologist of religion, perhaps. But a theologian? No.

I should think that Tracy himself would agree with this, that he would insist that a theologian must surely confront the God-question as his or her own. But it is not clear from the language employed in the argument that this is, in fact, what the author means. And the confusion is probably rooted in the way he talks about "faith" and "beliefs."

There can be no mistaking the fact that Tracy is aware of the problem I have raised. Indeed, he poses it directly in the text: "how (does) a fundamental Christian theology differ from a philosophy of religion?" (p. 72). But the answer he supplies suggests a positivistic notion of theology.

Specifically, Tracy argues that theology differs from philosophy in one respect only. The theologian, unlike the philosopher, the sociologist, or the historian, is concerned not only with "common human experience" (as problematical as it is abstract) but also with Christian texts. But how do Christian texts, which are themselves articulations of the "common human experience" for specific communities, constitute a source essentially different from "common human experience and language?" Isn't there only one *source* for theology (Christian and non-Christian theology alike); namely, common human experience? How are the texts themselves derived? Was there no theology before there were texts? Is not Tracy here implying that theology is, by definition, the study of one or several of its own *products*, while failing to raise the really fundamental question about the *process* by which theology's various products are created? (I raise this point without forgetting Tracy's insistence that "Christian fact" embraces more than texts, i.e., symbols, rituals, events, and witnesses, and without denying that a processive approach can also be positivistic.)

"It seems reasonable to state," Tracy writes, "that the major specific difference in the theological as distinct from philosophical investigation of Christian language is the Christian theologian's *responsibility* to show how his or her present categories are appropriate understandings of the Christian understanding of existence. If this *responsibility* is not addressed, then Christian theology becomes without remainder a philosophy of religion" (p. 72, italics mine).

The noun "responsibility" recurs throughout the discussion. It is a word which clearly conveys something *extrinsic* to the process of philosophical reflection itself. Such reflection upon common human experience and the Christian fact becomes theological when the one doing the reflection assumes some "responsibility" for showing the appropriateness of his categories to the Christian tradition.

The Christian tradition, in the meantime, is received almost as a given. There is no analysis of the process by which the Christian fact, with its assorted texts, comes into being. But it is precisely that process, as well as our careful reflection upon the products of that process, that theology is concerned with.

Accordingly, theology is not so much the study of texts alongside the study of common human experience, as it is the critical process by which such texts come into existence in the first place. And that critical process has both an inner and an outer moment. The inner moment of grace is not taken into account here. But it informs the process of theological reflection in a way that renders that process different from the process of strictly philosophical reflection, or indeed from that of any of the other so-called soft sciences. The theologian confronts the God-question as his or her own question. That is, the theologian moves from faith to understanding.

Granted, such a view might not have gone unchallenged in Chicago, but the fight would have been worth making. The erudition and sheer intelligence displayed in this book should remove any doubt about David Tracy's capacity to make that effort.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 771*)

he also retained a basic optimism which eventually led him to accept and have faith even if he never found a conclusive answer to his questioning.

It is stimulating to read an essay which resists that tired interpretation of Barry's plays and considers his attempts to reconcile man with that "divine force within or beyond him." As one of America's most thought-pro-

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voking and creative dramatists, Barry belongs with O'Neill and Wilder as the best that America had to offer before World War II, and I believe that history will bear out this judgment.

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To the Editors: Two comments in reference to Gerald Weales's welcome remarks about Philip Barry [Aug. 27]. First, it is good to see attention directed to Barry's brilliant third play, *In a Garden*. It deserves to be better known. Weales calls it "Eliotean." With its complex interplay of artifice and passion, it might better be termed "Pirandellian": the husband in *In a Garden*, in particular, is a distinctly Pirandellian creation in his propensity for mistaking the boundaries of art and seeking to extend its powers of selection and control into the domain of life. The play is unfortunately not included in Brendan Gill's recent collection, though in his introductory essay Gill quotes Barry's boast that in *In a Garden* he had written "the most sophisticated high comedy that ever came from a native-born American." In fact, Barry had done rather more than that, and in the annals of American drama *In a Garden* is a uniquely "European" sort of play in its capacity for making the art that it exhibits function as its own critique. If it had been successful in the theater, which it was not (it ran for 73 performances), Barry's future work might have been more of a piece, and the dramatist might not have been confirmed in the invidious tendency to think alternatively in what for him seemed to be the mutually exclusive terms of comedies and "serious" plays.

Which brings me to my second comment, prompted by the problem which Weales did not leave himself room to explain: why Barry's "comedies seem more effective than the more obviously ambitious plays like *Hotel Universe* and *Here Come the Clowns*." What principally strikes even the most sympathetic reader of these plays is the impoverishment of their dramatic invention. Barry seemed incapable of devising a set of actions that would adequately dramatize the profound psychological, religious and metaphysical issues that were the impulse to these plays. His problem as a dramatist must here have been compounded by his religious convictions. Weales quotes Gill concerning Barry's belief "in some sort of God." In writing plays like *Hotel Universe* and *Here Come the Clowns*, Barry as a believing Christian had to devise plots that could ultimately be resolved in such a way as to bear witness to a divinity shaping human ends, and this imposed a particular strain on his gifts of dramatic creation. He never managed to solve the basic problem that faced him as a writer of "serious" plays: how, by invoking traditional Christian belief in a divine order, to provide an effective ending for a play that has fully acknowledged twentieth-century doubts about life's meaningfulness. The endings of both *Hotel Universe* and *Here Come the Clowns* beg more questions than they answer. The doubts expressed in both plays would be given far more radical statement in the work of later dramatists, and yet, with the knowledge of hindsight, it is interesting to find *Here Come the Clowns* anticipating the shape of things to come on the stage. In its treatment of a central figure waiting for the arrival of a mysterious someone who is presumed able to shed light on life's dark questions but who never comes, Barry's most innovative play is tending in the direction of Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*, written a decade later.

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Steinfels (Cont.)

kernel of truth in it. *Some* approaches to the reduction of unemployment would be quite likely to generate upward pressure on the price level. But there is really no convincing proof of the widely accepted belief that *any* reduction in unemployment, no matter how much and no matter what means are employed, will cause more inflation. It is true that few, if any, professional economists would state the doctrine quite so crudely. But many, perhaps a majority, would still accept the generalization that there is some kind of 'trade-off' between inflation and unemployment. The belief that there is such a trade-off has become an important barrier standing in the way of a substantial reduction in unemployment. I conclude that this widely held belief lacks a substantial basis in either experience or analysis."

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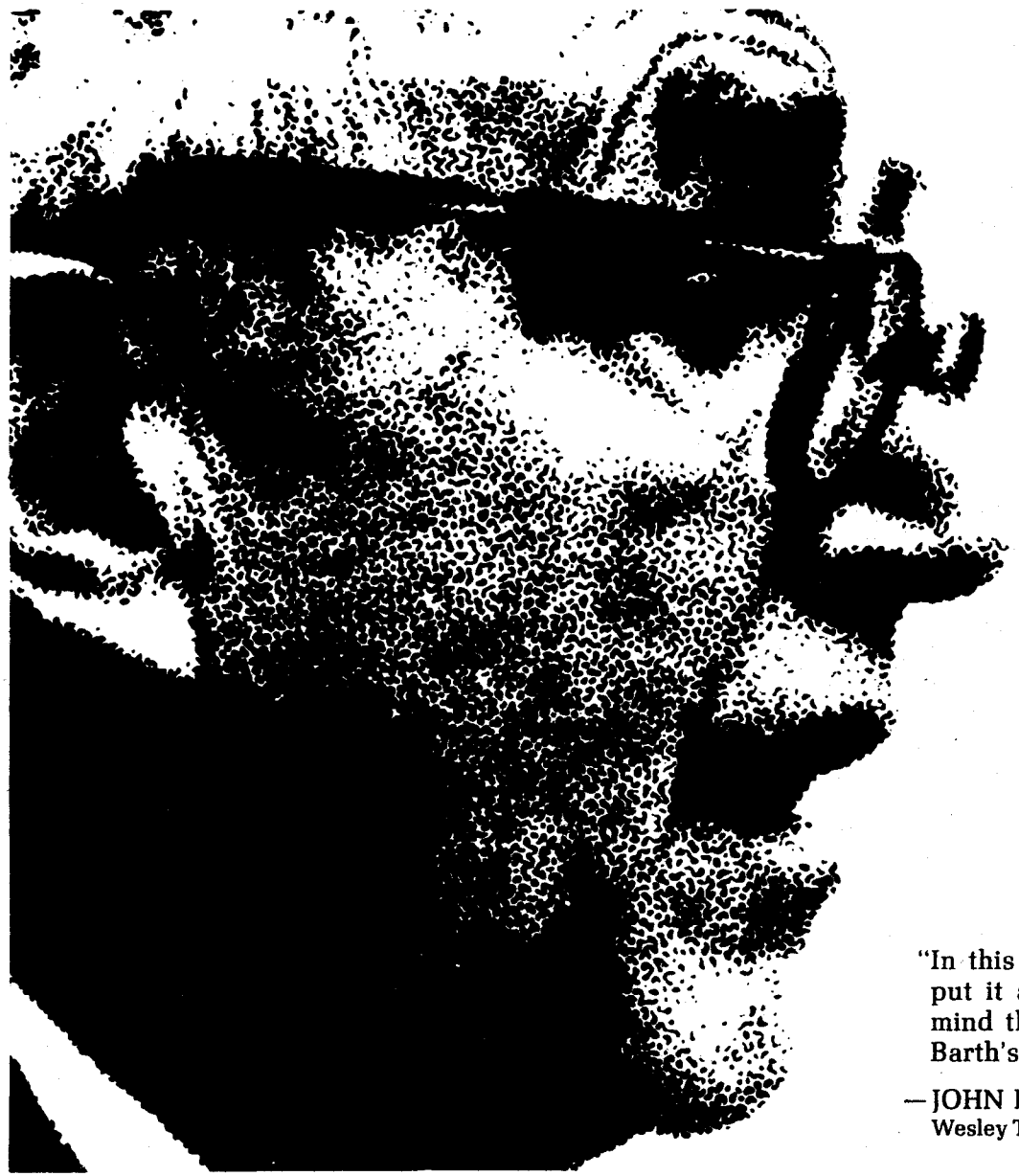

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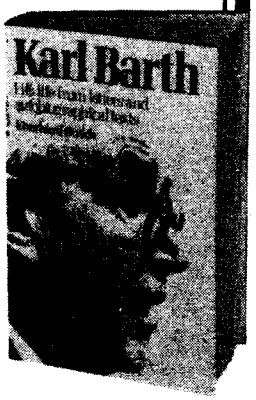

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